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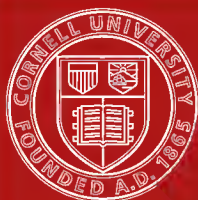
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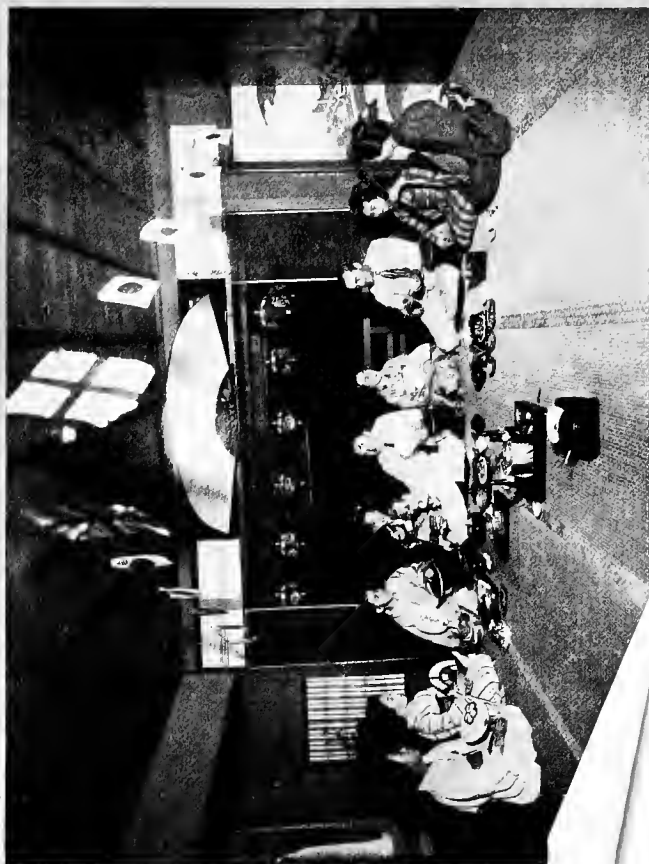
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TO MY MOTHER.

DINNER AT
KYOTO TEA
HOUSE



TWO UNDERGRADUATES IN THE EAST.

BY
W. CAREY JEFFRIES, B.A.

With Illustrations.

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PREFACE.

THE object of this book is to place before the reader the views and personal impressions left in the mind of one who has visited the countries mentioned, and visited them without professing any profound knowledge of their ways and characters.

The idea of the book is not a deep study of the peoples—say as to the scientific reason why the Japanese are more (or less !) honest than the Chinese—but to give the facts as they occurred and the impressions that are left through intercourse with them.

Many will perhaps disagree with some of the views expressed—their experiences may have been different—but we all form our conclusions from what we have seen and experienced ourselves.

W. C. J.

Dublin, 1914.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN order to visit most of the countries at the best seasons of the year, we had planned to visit Japan first, arriving there from America and Canada. These two latter countries do not come under the heading of this book, nor were we there long enough to get any definite knowledge nor impressions of them.

We left Liverpool for New York in July, and arrived there in the midst of a heat wave. One is accustomed to believe that it would take a great deal to beat the heat that was experienced in England during the summer of 1911, but it could not be compared to that of New York during a heat wave. We can truthfully say that nowhere, not even in Java nor India, did we find it so oppressive.

Before being allowed into America one has to answer large numbers of questions, two of which are: "Are you a polygamist?" and "Are you an anarchist?" questions which one doubts if even the most conscientious criminal would answer in the affirmative.

From New York we went by train to Montreal, where it was extremely hot, but not so oppressive as in New

York. After two days here we went across Canada, through the Rockies to Vancouver, the journey taking five days and nights. The scenery for the last two days was magnificent. The only stoppage of any length was at Winnipeg, where everyone was turned out of the train for one and a half hours in order that the carriages might be cleaned.

After three days in Vancouver we left by boat for Seattle, and there took the train for two days and nights en route for San Francisco. The scenery in parts is not unlike that of the Rockies—with its snow-topped mountains—only on a smaller scale. There are many winding rivers and thick woods, and the trees through California are very fine. The scenery, however, changes abruptly from thick woods to nothing but bare rocks, with a river in between, and later on, for most of the way, the land is all rich cultivated farm land. Before getting to Oakland, the whole train is taken across by ferry, and at Oakland passengers and luggage are placed on another ferry, and carried across to San Francisco.

The American system of luggage does not seem to be as satisfactory as the English. They use “checks” in preference to porters, and although we saw our luggage on the platform at San Francisco, we did not receive it until the next day.

The following morning we embarked on a Pacific mail steamer bound for Yokohama, and putting in at

Honolulu for a day. Almost everyone on board, with the exception of an Irish bishop, an Irish R.C. priest, and ourselves, were American. The officers, with one exception, were American, the "boys" Chinese, and the band Filipino. The latter were excellent musicians, and made a very good string band.

The Chinese crew had a few gambling tables in the stern, and most of the passengers tried their luck now and then. Occasionally they won for a short time, but invariably ended with a deficit—not because the Chinese were not honest, but they are inveterate gamblers, and know their own game best.

One night, the Chinese "boys" and crew performed a play in their quarters in the stern. It was very amusing to watch, and their dresses (which they kept for the purpose) were very fine indeed, and our own cabin boy took the part of a Chinese girl to perfection. It was not easy to follow, but the crew seemed to enjoy it thoroughly, squatting round smoking, and applauding loudly. The whole play was performed to the accompaniment of their Eastern music, which Europeans find difficult to appreciate—as music.

The weather could not have been finer, and the sea remained quite calm the whole way to Honolulu. Large numbers of flying fish, schools of porpoises and occasional whales appeared close to the ship. The porpoises, though often of a very light colour, and jumping

well out of the water, did not bring with them heavy winds.

We arrived at Honolulu one morning early, and put in for eight hours. The climate here is perfect (the temperature never varying more than ten degrees), and the scenery very fine, and there is excellent bathing. The Hawaiians are wonderful divers, and adepts at surf bathing, which is a most enjoyable sport, though by no means easy. About eighty per cent. of the inhabitants of Honolulu are Japanese, and so this was our first glimpse of the East. The flowers and palms are magnificent, and the roads wind through them, edged with banana trees and sugar canes. From the Pali, a high mount just outside the town, one can see a long way over the island, with miles of pineapple groves all around.

The Honolulu aquarium is said to be the finest in the world, and certainly it is almost impossible to believe that there are live fish of such colours and shapes existing. It is quite small, but most interesting.

After lunch almost everyone in the boat went a little way outside the city in order to bathe and attempt surf-riding. The beach is very sandy, and the water always quite hot.

On returning to the ship we were besieged by Hawaiians with flowers and garlands, which they threw on every passenger as he arrived, and expected him to buy.

Several Hawaiian boys remained on board as the ship steamed out, and after diving very neatly from the upper deck, then dived again in the water for money thrown to them, and practically never let any coins sink, no matter how far away they were thrown. All the coins they collected in this manner they placed in their mouths, and then dived again, but never seemed to swallow them.

Very few passengers were left now, as many who had not originally intended to stop off could not resist the attractions of Honolulu, and so decided to wait for the next mail.

We formed a little set of our own, and had a most enjoyable time. It is often said by many that those one meets on board ship depart amidst violent protestations of future writing, and then one passes out of their existences. We did not find this to be the case ; no one could have been kinder or more pleasant later on than those whom we met on the sea, especially an American lady, Mrs. H., and her daughter, whom we both still rank amongst our very best friends.

One of the great attractions of this journey was the excellent swimming tank that was fixed up in the bows, and filled from the sea twice a day. Nor was there any lack of exercise for those who wanted it, deck tennis being one of the most energetic games that exists. After dinner, if there was no concert, the Filipino band

always played on deck, and there was generally some dancing.

The sunsets on the Pacific were beautiful, the brilliant colours across miles of water having a very striking effect.

The nearer one got to Japan, the hotter it became, and this was very noticeable in the temperature of the water whilst bathing. We were on board a little under three weeks, and on the last night we had a dance and an impromptu concert until the lights of Yokohama could be seen in the distance.

It is the custom on the Pacific to go down to the saloon and have tea about eleven p.m., and these teas will always remain a very pleasant memory in our minds, thanks to Mrs. H.'s charm and good spirits.

Two Undergraduates in the East.

JAPAN.

ONE often hears the remark that Japan has become “so Westernised now”—that it is “no longer the Japan that one likes to imagine”—and during our first day in Yokohama this was our impression also. But I do not believe that anyone whose knowledge of Japan extends beyond the ports can say so with truth, and I think that the belief is prevalent that the Japanese are so westernised and an immoral race, because of what sailors and travellers, who merely put in from port to port, see, and then judge the nation from it. One might as well send a Japanese to the docks at Liverpool and say: “Behold the English Nation.” Yokohama is the last place from which one should judge Japan, both as regards the country itself and the inhabitants, as—regrettable though it may be—the latter have picked up most of what is bad from the Westerners.

During the time that we were having tea, and watching these ceremonies, the women took it in turns to fan us, one kneeling in front all the time. Nothing could have excelled their courtesy to us, and they went through a lot of trouble to show us their customs.

A favourite day-trip from Yokohama is to the Diabutsu at Kamakura, one of the old capitals of Japan. The famous Buddha in the monastery grounds is a colossal image dating from the 13th century, and about fifty feet in height. An idea of its size can be gathered from the fact that the circumference of the thumb is over three feet. Formerly it was enclosed in a temple which has since been swept away in a tidal wave. It is cast of solid bronze, and the eyes are of gold. Close to the Diabutsu is the Kwannon Buddha, or Goddess of Mercy, which is always kept in the dark. There is a European hotel here where one can have tiffin after seeing the temples, and then bathe in the sea.

Many people think that the Japanese have adopted European costume almost entirely, but this is quite wrong. The women practically never wear European costume, we only saw about three during the whole of our visit, and the majority of men do not, although many wear the most appalling mixtures. We saw one man on a bicycle, clad in a straw hat, a Japanese kimono tucked up, knickerbockers, socks and Japanese shoes !

The quietness of the streets and roads is such a contrast to what one is accustomed to in Europe, as

the rickshaws glide along so smoothly, and there are very few horses in Japan, and motors only in the ports and one or two towns, and even then very few.

The Japanese trains are very comfortable and up-to-date, and the scenery between Yokohama and Nikko (via Tokyo), while gradually getting into the mountains, is very pretty. Our hotel at Nikko was 2,100 feet above sea level and very picturesque, surrounded on all sides by mountains. There are some very good shops in Nikko, practically consisting of only a roof, supports, and floor, all the sides opening in the day-time. There is very little furniture in a Japanese house, all belongings of value being placed in a godown (fireproof storeroom) attached to the house. The Japanese do not sleep on beds at night, but place a mattress on the middle of the floor and sleep on it, and in the day-time roll it up and place it away in a cupboard let into the side of the room—thus merely having to slide one side of the room, place the bedclothes in, and slide it back again.

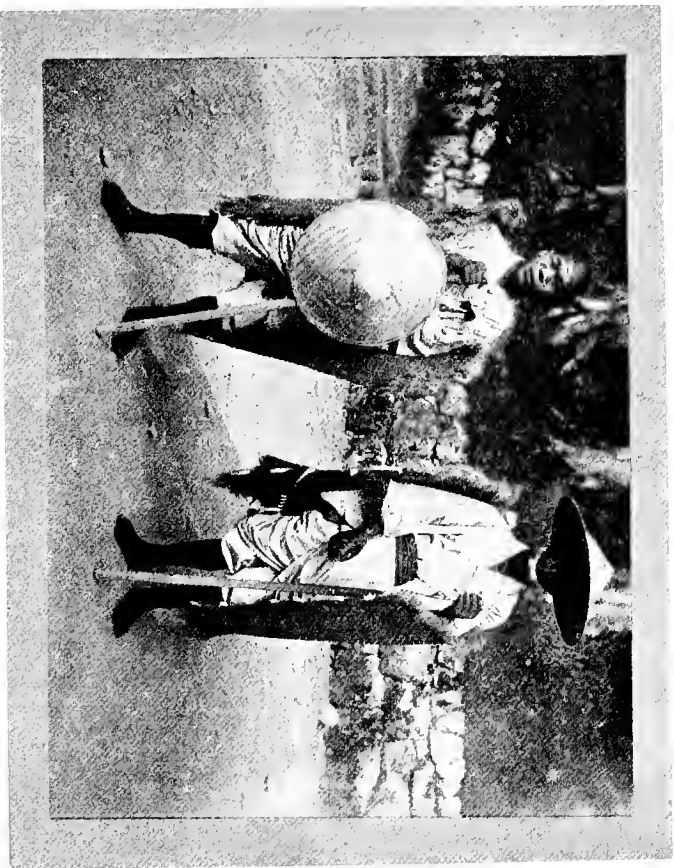
There are large numbers of locusts in Japan in the summer, and the noise they make is at first almost deafening, but one soon gets accustomed to them. The butterflies, also, are very numerous and extremely pretty.

Nikko is renowned for the beauty of its temples. The first one we visited was the Sanbutendo Temple, where there are three Goddesses of Mercy, one with one thousand hands, one natural, and one with a horse's head.

They are very fine indeed, but the next temple is almost indescribable. It is a mass of wealth in art, carving, and antiquities. There are the usual enormous and hideous statues at the entrance to frighten off the devils, and then a broad courtyard rich in carving, and many side temples, all with money strewn in front on the mats, as offerings. There is also a small wooden image of the God of Health there, which Buddhists for one thousand years have touched in order to be healed. There is the temple of the dancing girl and of the gods of fire, and a magnificent pagoda. Amongst the carvings are those of the cat, so lifelike that there are said to be no mice in the temple ! and the three famous monkeys, cannot hear, cannot speak, and cannot see evil. There are also quaint carvings of an elephant and tigers, carved before the artist had seen these animals, as they do not exist in Japan. The whole place is so perfect that one pillar has been purposely placed upside down for fear it should be too perfect, and the spirits get in !

The tomb of the first Shogun is here, up some two hundred and fifty steps behind the temple.

The Japanese, as everyone knows, are a most progressive nation, and Nikko is always full of pilgrims, with their large straw hats and straw cloaks, on their way to a pilgrimage to the sacred mount that is close by. While walking about in the temples, we were followed, at a distance of two or three yards, by two of them, and could not understand why. We discovered after-



BUDDHIST
PILGRIMS.

wards that they had done so simply to hear us talking English, and in the hopes of picking up a few words.

One cannot help being struck by the enormous numbers of children in Japan. They swarm both in the towns and the villages. It is the greatest pity that the authorities do not take steps to prevent the terrible skin diseases from which so many suffer, due to the carelessness and thoughtlessness of their parents. Thousands of them have their faces and heads disfigured, simply from having been shaved with unclean razors when only a few weeks old. They seem to get rid of it, however, or else they all die of it, as adults do not seem to suffer from it, or children either after a certain age. Almost every child, however small, seems to have an even tinier little brother or sister strapped on to his back—often in such a position that one wonders how they can possibly live.

At the temple of the first Shogun we tried a cup of saké, the Japanese national drink, which is supposed to be very strong, but neither of us cared for it.

There is a very good panorama at Nikko showing the last battle between the Shogun's and the Mikado's armies. Across the river, between the town and the higher part where our hotel was situated, is the Nikko sacred bridge, over which no one but the Mikado is allowed to pass, and which has been many times washed away and renewed.

There is a magnificent cryptomeria avenue at Nikko extending for twenty-one miles. The trees are very fine,

some roots having as many as five trees growing out of them. We went for eleven miles down it in rickshaws on a boiling hot day, each taking with us a "pushman" as well as a "puller." The endurance of these men is wonderful. We only stopped once for a few minutes, and, of course, they had to run the whole time. We both weighed over fifteen stone, and after taking us to the station they had a large drink of water and shaved ice, and then started home again before our train had even come in.

Around Nikko there are some very pleasant walks and rickshaw rides, and many waterfalls. A little way outside Nikko, along the river, are fifty Buddhas. Originally there were a hundred, but half have been swept away in floods.

The Japanese are very superstitious, and if one is the first purchaser of the day, it would often be possible to procure an article for almost any price one asked, as they think that, if the first customer goes away without buying, they will have bad luck the rest of the day, and so will sell even at a loss. They are courtesy itself in the shops, and just as courteous if one does not buy anything. The following is a copy of a letter I received from one shop which had accidentally omitted a kimono from a parcel which they had sent me:—

"Dear Sir,

With these lines we take the pleasure in informing you that we have this day sent you by parcel post one lady's cotton kimono which we failed to send



SACRED
BRIDGE
AT NIKKO.

you. We have no excuse indeed for having you inconvenienced so much from our carelessness, and beg your pardon most deeply. Thanking you for your kind patronage in the past, and hoping for the continuance of the same.

We remain,
dear Madam,
Yours faithfully——."

One imagines they must have seen "Sir or Madam" written, and thought it not polite to repeat the same word !

One evening we went to a tea-house with a Frenchman and his wife who had been on board with us, having previously arranged for some geishas to dance. We drove in rickshaws to the tea-house, which was in the town, and having taken off our shoes, went inside, and each was conducted upstairs by the hand, by little Japanese girls who were learning to be geishas. We sat on the floor, and six geishas came in, and all knelt down and bowed low to us. They gave us each a peach and chopsticks to eat it with—a most impossible thing to begin to use chopsticks on. They managed to produce a chair for Madame, as she found sitting on the floor rather trying. They also gave us tea, and seemed intensely amused at our efforts to eat the peaches with chopsticks. When we had finished, two sat at the end of the room playing "samisens" and the others commenced to dance. Some of them were quite young and not full-fledged geishas yet, but they all danced very

well. Their movements and facial expressions were very clever, and they kept perfect time together to the accompaniment of samisens and dancing. Amongst the dances they performed was the dance of good luck, two comic dances, an umbrella dance, a season dance, a maple dance, the banzai, the killing of the rat, and a mask dance. It is no easy task to perform these dances and become a geisha, many beginning at the age of six. After the dances they all came and squatted in front of us for a short time, but it was difficult to talk to them, as they did not speak any English. They called T. the God of Luck, who is symbolised by red and white, and is very fat, as T. had very light hair and was not "too" thin. Like all Japanese women, they were very lighthearted and easily amused. They all came down and said "Sayonara" to us when we left, after an interesting and amusing evening.

The streets looked extremely pretty at night, with all the houses and rickshaws lit up with paper lanterns.

We visited one private Japanese garden in Nikko, very beautifully laid out with the mountains as a background, and containing, as they all do, a large banana tree, although the actual fruit will not grow in Japan. The son of the owner of the garden was playing with a bottle full of tiny insects, which he brought over for us to see. He dropped very small pieces of paper into the water in the bottle, and immediately they touched the bottom the insects took hold of them and

brought them to the top. They did this time after time, and are known as the "laborious insects."

English is almost the only foreign language spoken in Japan, many of the notices being in English, and all the students are very keen to learn it. Anyone unable to speak English would find it very difficult to travel in Japan alone, and it is amusing in the shops to hear a big German and a tiny Japanese girl bargaining in broken English. Many of the Japanese articles, which are never destined to leave the country, usually have some English on them, such as "Made in Nikko," "Brewed in Kyoto," or "Best Quality," as they think that unless there is some English on them they are not good.

There was one Englishman at the hotel at Nikko who talked very loudly for the benefit of everyone round, and caused considerable annoyance to those sitting on the verandah and in the dining room by his loud reminiscences. One evening he came in to dinner, and commenced as usual, when suddenly he put his hand to his collar and discovered he had put on his dress clothes, but forgotten his tie. He had to get up and walk out before everyone, much to their amusement and, I regret to state, delight.

In Japanese hotels and inns it is the custom for the managers, maids, and anyone who happens to have nothing to do, to see one off, and on leaving the hotel at Nikko, for Yumoto, though there were only the two of us leaving, we numbered twenty-two. We each took

pushmen with our rickshaws, as the road to Yumoto via Lake Chuzenji is very steep and rough. It is about fourteen miles the whole way, and not merely uphill, but up mountain passes. There are some very fine waterfalls en route, and the mountain scenery is perfect. On arriving at Lake Chuzenji we had tiffin at a little Japanese inn looking right over the lake. The lake itself is large and beautifully situated 4,300 feet up in the heart of the mountains. It is here that the Sacred Mount is situated, from which so many pilgrims go to Nikko. After tiffin we crossed the lake in a sampan and joined our rickshaws on the other side. Our sampan navigator, after having started, fell sound asleep, still controlling the sails, until we were almost across. In one hand, in the photograph, can be seen the Japanese pipe, which only contains one whiff of tobacco.

The road on the other side of the lake was worse and steeper than before, sometimes almost impassable. Once we were nearly shot out of our rickshaws as a snake, quite harmless, darted across the road in front of the coolies, who, having bare feet, are afraid of them.

There is a semi-European hotel at Yumoto, and as it was quite full, we were given rooms in a little Japanese inn opposite. Yumoto is very popular owing to the hot sulphur baths that it provides, and the whole village smells of sulphur. The baths in the hotel are three feet deep, let into the floor, with the water always running, and filled from the sulphur lake. The water



SAMPAN SAILOR WITH JAPANESE PIPE, ASLEEP.

is intensely hot, and it is astonishing to see the temperature that the Japanese can stand, quite unbearable to Europeans. We did not dare count the number of times we had tea on this journey. At every little halt it was brought with the inevitable bean cakes, which I liked immensely and T. could not bear.

After dinner at the hotel we went over to the inn and spent our first night "*à la Japonaise*." The rooms were just the same as in the house at Yokohama, with a matting floor and sliding shutters. The "bed" consisted of a mattress with a sheet over it, lying in the middle of the floor, also another sheet, and an enormous quilt made in the shape of a kimono, and weighing about a ton. It was a very hot night, so we discarded the latter. We found the beds very comfortable, except for the pillows, which were bags of rice. How anyone can sleep with one of these pillows I cannot conceive. We tried to, at Okai, a little later on, but could not, although we subsequently slept through an earthquake.

The following morning we got up at five, and after another sulphur bath started off for a twenty-mile walk to Higashi Ogawa. It is not possible for horses or rickshaws to go this route, as the first part is exceedingly steep climbing and through the Japanese bush, which in the early morning is sopping with dew, and so it is advisable to wear flannel clothes of some sort to absorb it.

The ascent at the end of the first five miles was 1,500 ft. and with a most perfect view of the mountains all around

and the Yumoto lake in the distance below. The remaining fifteen miles to Higashi Ogawa was through magnificent scenery of mountains thickly covered with trees, and many springs and rivers. After five miles walking from the summit we arrived at a little tea-house, the first sign of habitation since leaving Yumoto, and here we had lunch, drinking the water from an icy cold mountain spring.

We took one suit-case between us, and this was carried on his back by a coolie. Having walked on to Ogawa, we sat down for a rest, and then discovered that the landlord of the inn at Higashi Ogawa had sent us two horses to ride the remaining two miles, merely out of courtesy. On arriving at the inn, however, we found that it was completely full, and as there was no other inn to put up, we hired two horses and decided to push on to Okai, a village about eight miles further on. The views were again superb, and we arrived at the little inn at Okai at about 8 p.m., when it was getting quite dark.

We were given a room together, and thought we would like a bath. The Japanese have their baths every evening, and all use the same water. This is not as bad as it sounds, as they never wash *in* the bath, but always outside it, and then, having taken the soap off, they get into the bath. The bath rooms are always quite open, and often the maid will bring in a towel or walk through to get to another room. They do not think any more about it than we do of walking downstairs,

and it is quite untrue that there are peepholes in the doors and sides, a statement that one often hears in England. Their ideas are quite different from ours, and far better, but it is difficult at first for Europeans to realise them, and also at first somewhat disconcerting. We were given kimonos to go down to the bath in, and the latter was in the corner of a room downstairs. It was not a bath as we understand it, but was a large tub, one third of the boards of which had been taken away, and the remainder fastened to the corner of the room. A little Japanese maid was sweeping the floor when we entered, so we coughed and talked for a few minutes with no effect. She evidently intended continuing her work, and did not even look at us, so T. at last got into the bath. The maid went on sweeping until her bucket was empty, then she got up, went over to the bath in which T. was, put her bucket in and filled it, and then went on scrubbing, utterly unconcerned !

They gave us a most excellent dinner on a tiny table on the floor, consisting of Japanese soup, some trout caught in the river just behind the inn, and the most perfect omelette I have ever tasted, and of course the staple dish of rice. We were given wooden chopsticks to eat with, and managed quite respectably after a little practice and after having been shown how to hold them properly.

The mattresses were placed in the middle of the floor again, and we used our coats as pillows. A large green mosquito net was let down from the four corners of

the room and covered the whole of it. We were both very tired, and slept so soundly that we never felt the slightest shock of an earthquake which took place in the night and caused all the maids to rush out of the house.

The interest which Europeans cause in all the villages, and in most towns also, is intense, and though the Japanese are as courteous and polite as possible in every other way, they seem utterly unable to curb their desire to stand and stare when one appears in the streets. The children seem rather afraid, and though they collect together and stare, they will never come very near.

From Okai we went on to Numata, eight miles by horse and four by train. Few Europeans are seen in this part, so that the numbers staring were greater than ever.

At Numata we put up at a very large and clean inn, and seemed to be the only Europeans in the town, which was by no means small. After giving us tea, the landlord's son took us to see the silk houses, where large numbers of girls are employed, and which is a prosperous industry here. We got back in time to have our baths first, and various maids walked through without taking the least notice of us.

The maid who waited on us here was a typical Japanese girl, very small, and with the large almond eyes that they all possess. She was very amused at us, and very light-hearted—just as all the women are. They live on their high spirits, and are always laughing amongst

themselves. This maid could not get over the fact that I was so tall, and when I entered the room, would shield her eyes to the ceiling, laughing all the while. While we were having our meals on the floor, she stood at the side and fanned us all the time. At the little country inns they always seemed pleased to see one, and do everything to make one comfortable. The same enormous mosquito net covered the room here, and after dinner we sent for a blind masseur, as Japanese massage is said to be extremely good for one, and refreshing. It is practically a monopoly of the blind, as the Government encourages them to take it up for an occupation. Most things in Japan are done in the reverse way to that in which we do them, and the Japanese is always massaged with his kimono on, and away from the heart. Whatever may be the effects of the latter in Europe, it is certainly most refreshing after a long day in Japan!

That night our landlord told us he had placed outside our room a small cage with a "Fuku Mushi" or Happy Bell insect in it, and he hoped we would like it. We thanked him for his kind thought, and were forced to go to sleep with this little insect making a terrible noise close to our beds. They are tiny little insects, and have been introduced into England for the first time this year, but will only live here for about two months in the hot weather.

It is the custom on leaving an inn for the guests to be given a small present, and so the next morning on starting for Ikao we were given a fan and a "tenugui,"

a kind of towel which the Japanese use for every conceivable thing.

The first part of the journey was done by horse tram, and we were given (for the sum of five shillings) a private tram in front of the public one. It was a marvellous contrivance, and when the driver wanted to put on the brake, as there was no conductor, he wandered through to the other end of the car, turned a handle vigorously for some time, and then went back to the horse, which had continued to canter just the same without a driver. We took corners at a very fast pace, and once or twice overstepped the distance, thus making it necessary to back. Instead of making the horse back the tram, or taking him out and pushing the car, several men got behind and pulled the tram and the horse along with it. After two hours' driving we stopped for an hour and a half before continuing the rest of the way by electric tram. We asked why they did not run the trams concurrently, and were told that they always stopped running between 11 and 1 p.m., as the tram company had an understanding with the inn, and the delay forced people to have lunch there.

There is a small European hotel at Ikao, very lightly built, with thin paper walls in the rooms similar to those in a Japanese inn. A very pleasant excursion from Ikao is to Haruna, which is 3,700 feet above Ikao, and has a very pretty lake. The only means of getting there is by carrying-chairs, which, after becoming accustomed to the motion, are very comfortable. They are carried



LANTERN AND BANANA TREE.
FIFTY WAYSIDE BUDDHAS.

by four coolies by long bamboo poles on their shoulders, and the motion is like a perpetual soft spring.

The Japanese language is very difficult to learn thoroughly, as one must first learn to think as a Japanese before attempting to place an idea into words. But it is not difficult to learn enough to be able to ask for what one wants, and to understand simple questions.

At Ikao we met an officer stationed at Hong Kong who had been in Japan for two months, and who was travelling about entirely alone, and by practising had picked up quite enough of the language to prevent any difficulties. We are indebted to him for several useful hints, but alas do not know his name. It was not, however, necessary for us to know much of the language, as we had Kudo with us.

We were particularly struck by the way in which, at every little rest-house and tea-house we stopped at in Japan, and at every waterfall we passed there were always some Japanese, both men and girls, who, while resting on their walk, produced pencil and paper and sketched the scenery.

To get from Ikao to Tokyo one has two separate tram drives, and then one has to take the train to Takasaki. There were large numbers of Japanese on the platform here (partly due to the Mikado's funeral, which was to take place soon), and one would have imagined that they had never seen a European before.

Tokyo is a comparatively modern city, and naturally somewhat Westernised, and therefore not as interesting

as many of the other cities. The heat was very great, and we felt it all the more after coming down from the mountains. One of the most interesting things in Tokyo is the tombs of the Forty-Seven Ronins. I think it is well worth while giving this story very shortly, as some may not know it, and it illustrates the Japanese idea of chivalry and their custom of *hara-kiri*. Hundreds of thousands of people visit these tombs yearly, and incense is always burning before each one.

THE FORTY-SEVEN RONINS.

The word "Ronin" was used to designate a man who, either through his own fault or through adverse circumstances, became a wanderer, with no immediate feudal lord. They were usually Samurai or men of gentle birth who had fallen from their own social grade.

In the case of the Forty-Seven, they became Ronins through no fault of their own, but because their lord had been nominally disgraced. The facts took place at the very beginning of the 18th century, when the Mikado was about to send special envoys to the then reigning Shogun. The Shoguns, although they usurped the powers of the Mikado to a very large extent, always received their envoys with great pomp and respect.

On this occasion, hearing that the envoys were coming, the Shogun selected two Daimios to receive them. One of these was named Date-Sakyo-no-Suke, and the

other Asano Takumi-no-Kami, who was lord of the Castle of Ako, in the province of Harima. Another Daimio named Kira Kotsuke-no-Suke was told to instruct them in the proper etiquette and ceremonies that were necessary on such an occasion. As this lord was not given presents that he deemed sufficiently worthy of himself, he would not instruct them in the right manner, but insulted and made fools of them both, whenever they went to him. After a time the two lords became very angry, and determined that they would kill him. The councillors and retainers of both lords were well aware of how their masters were being insulted, and so one of the councillors of Date-Sakyo-no-Suke, who knew the weakness of Kotsuke-no-Suke and how in reality he was a miser, secretly planned to make him large presents in his lord's name. He succeeded in doing this, and the next time Date-Sakyo-no-Suke sought advice he was treated with great respect and taught everything he desired to know. Date-Sakyo-no-Suke could not understand the reason of this sudden change, but his anger abated, and he no longer planned to kill Kotsuke-no-Suke. The latter, however, continued his insults to the Lord Asano, until at last he could stand it no longer and losing his temper, struck Kotsuke-no-Suke with his sword, felling him to the ground. He then tried to strike him again, but was prevented by some of the Shogun's attendants.

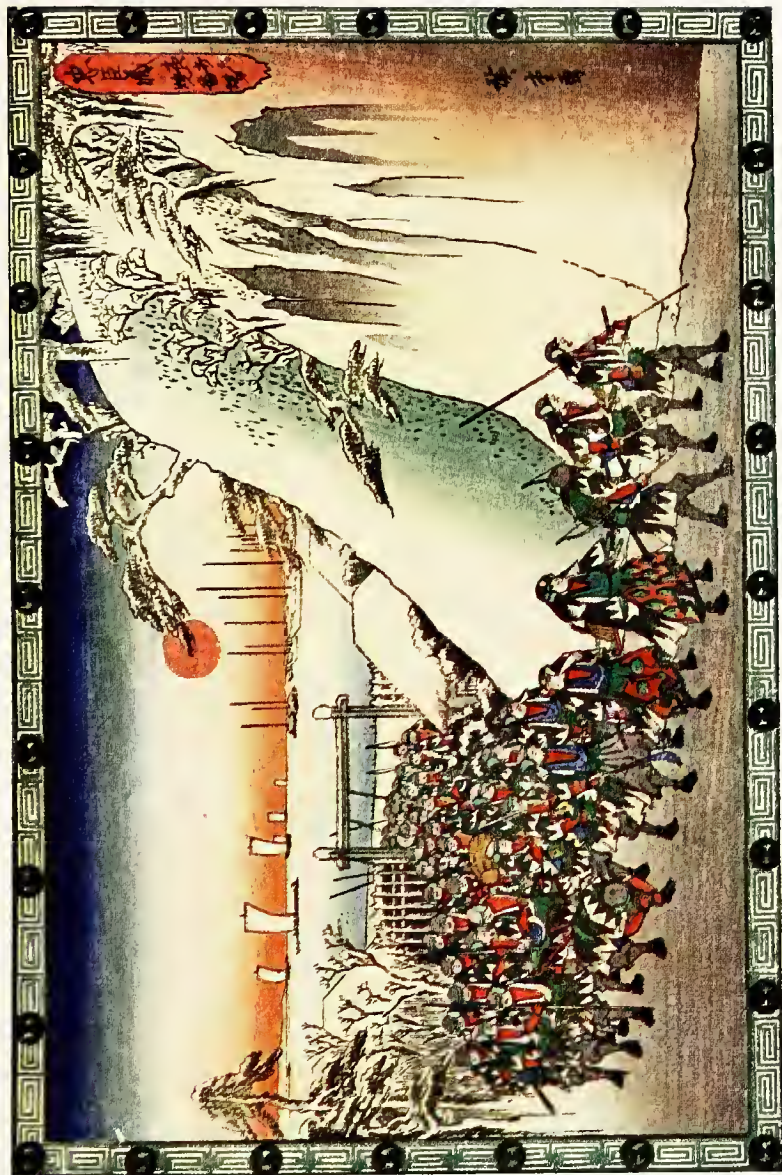
The Shogun was highly angered at this attack in the precincts of his palace, and considered it an insult to

the Imperial Envoys. Kotsuke-no-Suke stated he had given no cause whatever for the assault, and so Asano Takumi-no-Kami was placed in the charge of another Daimio and ordered to commit *hara-kiri* on that very day. He did so, and thus it was that his retainers, having lost their lord, became Ronins. A certain number of the most loyal of these retainers immediately determined on vengeance for their lord's death. Gradually, however, this number of loyal retainers dwindled down to forty-seven. As Kotsuke-no-Suke was always strictly guarded, they knew that they would have to bide their time, and so they all separated and apparently settled down to different trades and professions. But the thought that was always uppermost in their minds was the death of Kotsuke-no-Suke, and they went through untold hardships of all kinds in order to make everyone think they had forgotten their lord.

After a long time, however, they met secretly and, fighting their way into Kotsuke-no-Suke's house, discovered him hidden away, cut off his head and, fighting their way back again, without any losses, placed the head in front of their lord's grave.

They then gave themselves up to the authorities, and were all given into the charge of various Daimios. They met with universal sympathy for the courage and fidelity they had shown to their lord.

They were later all condemned to death, but were allowed to commit *hara-kiri* as a mark of appreciation of their loyalty, and they were all buried close to their



THE FORTY-SEVEN RONIN AFTER THE SUCCESSFUL VENDETTA OF THEIR MASTER'S FOR PROCEEDING TOWARDS SENGAKUJI TO
LAY THE SOUL OF THEIR LORD AT REST — *Hiroshige*.

beloved lord, Asano Takumi-no-Kami, in the Senga-Kuji temple, and it is at this temple that so many thousands pay them honour to this day.*

The Maple Club in Tokyo is a club for the Japanese nobility alone, and is similar to an ordinary house, scrupulously clean, and quite large, all the ceilings and decorations being made of maple wood. There is a special geisha here, one of whom took us over the club and gave us tea and cakes à la maple, and also a little poem on Spring. Unlike most houses, the balcony is covered with a soft floor also. The Military Museum is also interesting, and full of Japanese war relics and trophies of the late Russian war. The latter were made doubly interesting to us, as Kudo fought in Manchuria, and was in the siege of Port Arthur. It contains the boat in which the few remaining sailors under Admiral Togo escaped, after sinking transport vessels at the entrance to Port Arthur.

Tokyo covers a large area, and contains one or two very fine parks, but each street seems to have a different odour.

From Tokyo we went to Miyanoshita (shita = shta) the first part of the journey by train, then after tiffin at a little tea-house, an hour's train drive—for the most part up hill, gradually getting into the mountains—and lastly, one hour and a half in a rickshaw uphill the

*NOTE.—This account is necessarily very short and does not even give the story at all fully. A most excellent account of it is given in "Chusingura" by J. Inouye. This gives the play founded on the actual facts and also contains a very interesting explanatory introduction.

whole way, making it necessary to have two pushmen.

The hotel at Miyanoshita is beautifully situated, and is one of the finest in the East. There is a large swimming-bath in the garden filled partly from a hot mineral spring, and partly from a mountain cold spring. We had a bathe soon after arriving, and it was a curious feeling swimming in mineral water.

There is a very fine cock here, with a tail fourteen feet long, and which has to be rolled up when the bird is taken for exercise.

A very pleasant excursion from Miyanoshita is to Lake Hakone, and it can be made in carrying-chairs. The coolies here are hardier than those at Ikao, and when we went there they never stopped to change shoulders (changing while moving), nor did they even use sticks or shoulder-cloths. On arriving at the lake, we went to where the Mikado's summer residence is, and bathed. After tiffin, the carrying-chairs were placed in a sampan, and we were taken in them across the lake. On reaching the other side we had to walk a considerable distance in single file over a volcanic part of the mountain. A very good view of Mount Fugiyama can usually be got from there, but we happened to be unlucky, as it was covered with clouds.

We passed many wayside Buddhas, almost covered in stones offered by the poor people instead of money.

At the hotel in Miyanoshita we sent our suits (flannel and pongee) to be washed. They were returned the

next morning beautifully done, the charge being one penny-halfpenny a suit.

Leaving Miyanoshita early, we arrived at Shuzenji about four, and put up at a large and prettily situated inn, with a little lake of its own. It was very wet out of doors, almost the only wet day we experienced in Japan, and so we remained in the inn and played "Goban" with Kudo. Goban is a Japanese form of chess, and played a great deal in Japan. For dinner two knives and forks were produced, of which the maid seemed to be very proud, and so we were not forced to eat all our meal with chopsticks, although by now we rather liked doing so.

From Shuzenji we went on to Shidzuoka to a semi-European hotel. In the afternoon we visited one or two temples, and a lacquer factory, where we procured excellent models of a Japanese inn, and the proprietor very kindly gave each of us a tiny wooden cage similar to the one that the Fuku Mushi was in at Numata.

On the way to Gifu we spent several hours at Nagoya, in order to see the old castle there. It is a very interesting one, formerly presented to the second Shogun by twenty Daimios, and has a treble moat around it. The castle is very strongly built, with massive iron doors, and steep sides with "slits" to drop stones and boiling water down. The outside, except for the roof, resembles an old English castle, but a greater contrast than the inside cannot be imagined. Except for the fact that the rooms are larger, and the sliding sides have

old paintings on them, the interior is exactly like a modern Japanese inn. It shows plainly how Japanese life has remained unaltered for centuries. There is also an interesting keep to the castle from which one can get a magnificent view of the surrounding country. At the top of this keep there are two enormous gold dolphins costing £36,000 each, eight feet in length. One of them was lent by the late Mikado to the Vienna Exhibition, and the ship bringing it back sank, and it was with great difficulty recovered.

On arriving at the station to take the train for Gifu, we discovered that it contained no first class, and only one second, which was full, and so we had to travel third, and thereby add intense enjoyment to all those travelling in that carriage. The landlord of the inn at Gifu came to meet us, and we drove there in rickshaws. It was an ordinary Japanese inn; only one or two rooms had beds in them. After dinner we set out to see the cormorant fishing, which is one of the most interesting sights of Japan. We got into rickshaws and drove right through the town past several long, narrow streets, looking very pretty lit up with Japanese lanterns. After about twenty minutes we arrived at the water's edge, and got into a boat called "Seifu." It was not unlike a sampan in shape, and had a cover over the top. Inside were three cushions to sit upon, and three paper lanterns hung from the top. A man at each end punted, and, owing to the shallowness of the water, often got out and pulled. After having gone

up the river for about a mile and a half, we found about twenty other boats waiting, all full of Japanese letting off fireworks, and dancing, several having geishas on board.

They come out very early on to the water, and enjoy themselves.

The fishing takes place some time between seven and midnight, so that they often have a long time to wait. There must be no moon, or the cormorant fishing cannot take place.

We had only about half an hour to wait, and spent it letting off fireworks and rockets, and listening to the Japanese in the other boats. The whole scene was extremely pretty, and the boats with the Japanese ladies in bright kimono, shown up by the paper lanterns, looked very picturesque. About 9.30 a light appeared in the distance, and gradually grew larger, till one could make out six of the fishing boats coming quickly down stream. Our men got close to one of these, and kept there almost the whole way down. It was a most exciting sensation, going fast down stream next to a boat manned by three sailors, one guiding, one looking after the fire, and one holding in his hand twelve strings, to each of which was attached a cormorant. There was a blazing fire in front of the boat, hanging from a pole over the water, and this lit up the whole scene. The birds had the string attached right round their bodies, and round their necks a whalebone ring, loose enough to allow them to breathe. They kept on

diving into the water, and then coming to the surface again with trout (or an eel) in their mouths. These they swallowed as far as the ring would allow them, and when they had swallowed two or three, the boatman would haul the cormorant up, press its throat so that the fish would fall into a basket, and then the cormorant would dive into the water again. We were moving quite fast the whole time, and the current was strong, the Japanese were yelling, and the boats getting mixed up, and in considerable danger of being set on fire by the fishing boats, the one in front of us having the fire hanging right over it at one time.

The cormorants often stay under the water for three or four minutes at a time. One of the most extraordinary features of the fishing is the way the fishermen controls twelve birds at the same time, pulls them up, and lets them go again, without getting them hopelessly entangled, but he maintains control over them the whole time. When the fishing was over (it seemed to last only a minute, whereas in reality we covered a mile and a half) we kept next to the same boat, and watched the birds being taken into the boat, and the rings removed. They were placed on the edge of the boat next to each other, and they have a special order, and if No. 1 be put in No. 3's place, or No. 4 in No. 6's, they quarrel and get very angry, and do not recover until the boatmen put them in their proper places. We did not believe this until we saw it for ourselves. One of the men brought a basket of

the fish for us to see, and some were very large indeed, but none the least bit damaged. We did not wait to see the birds fed, as they rest first, but returned to our rickshaws and inn after a most exhilarating evening.

The train from Gifu to Kyoto contained a small dining-car, and one of the notices hanging up was the following: "Any complaints or suggestions regarding the service of dining-cars, the treatment of passengers, or any other trifling matters, will be welcome."

The hotel at Kyoto sent a carriage and pair to meet us, with a man who stood at the back of the carriage, or ran in front yelling, as the mood seized him. He proved most useful, and saved us from what might have been a bad accident, as we suddenly came across a deep well in the middle of the road. Luckily, he was running in front at the time, and himself stopped the horses from falling into it. The hotel was very nicely situated, with a large garden, and a pleasant dining-room with a verandah lit up with lanterns and prettily decorated, where on hot evenings one could dine.

There are several very interesting factories in Kyoto, such as the satsuma, porcelain, cloisonee, and damascene ones. The work done is beautiful, and the details are always done to perfection.

Often in the evenings we wandered through the streets in Kyoto. One never gets tired of doing this, as everything is so different to our Western ideas. Theatre Street in Kyoto is one of the most fascinating streets, in the evening. Like all Japanese streets, it is very

narrow, and, of course, has no footpath. It is always packed with people, and all the shops lit up with electric light and lanterns. The shops have no glass fronts, and it is possible to see right through the houses, as there is no privacy at all amongst the Japanese. If we stopped at any little shop, quite a number of Japanese did the same always, and so one became quite a good advertisement for the shop! There were many buildings that at first sight we took to be cinematograph shows, but they were in reality places for storytellers, and seemed to be very well patronised from the numbers of those entering. A man recounts to his audience the history of Japan in the form of a story. There were several theatres in that district, but mostly not open as theatres, owing to the mourning. We went into one little dance-house to see some dancing, and sat very low in the corner with our hats on, in order to prevent the audience looking at us instead of at the dancing. Luckily, they only saw us as we went out.

There are eight hundred temples in Kyoto, many of them very fine, but one ought to visit them before seeing the Nikko temples, as the latter spoil one for any others. Adjoining the largest temple in Kyoto is a building—the inside of which is very like the Castle at Nayoya, with some fine paintings on the sides—where the nobles used to stay when making long pilgrimages to the temple. In the middle of the rooms is a raised square for the Mikado or Shogun. The boards outside these



TEMPLE GATE, KYOTO.

rooms made a very squeaky noise, and had originally been put down like that to prevent the nobles from assassination, as even without shoes one is bound to be heard walking on them.

One evening we ordered a native dinner and some geisha dancing at a tea-house in Kyoto. We were taken up to a room similar to the Nikko one, hung with lanterns and flags in our honour. We sat down on cushions, and five geishas brought in the dinner, and sat opposite us. The Japanese always have all their courses together, and so about nine plates were put in front of us, and the whole dinner had to be eaten with chopsticks. It consisted of two kinds of soup, broiled fish, raw fish, beaten fish, omelette, crabs, lobster, taro, jingo, rice, imo, ginger, Japanese pears, and shaved ice with our drinks. It was all very well served, but rather a mixture having to eat them all at the same time. The geishas could not speak English, so we tried to speak to them in Japanese, which seemed to amuse them. After dinner they commenced to dance, one, as usual, playing the samisen. They began with a fisherman dance, and included a triumphant warrior's dance, a spring rain dance, and a banzai especially composed in honour of Prince Arthur of Connaught. They danced very prettily, and were even more graceful than the Nikko ones, and had been especially taught at the Kyoto Geisha School. After dancing, they came and sat opposite to us again, and had tea and bean cakes, and became more lively, as they had

been rather shy at first. A Japanese took a flashlight photo before we left. We had a very amusing and interesting evening, and as we were going away, one little geisha came up to me, and said: "You very nice—please come again," but *perhaps* it was the only English she knew!

Another evening we went to a Japanese theatre, and very luckily found that the "Forty-Seven Ronins" was about to be played. The performance had actually started at 5.30, but they were acting several different pieces, and did not start this piece until a few minutes after we had arrived. We entered the theatre by a side door, as there was a great crush at the entrance, and we were taken upstairs to a "box." The theatre was very big, with a large square in the centre, covered with what looked like window-frames, lying flat, without any glass. They were really the "stalls" in which the audience sat and had dinner, and watched the play. As it lasts so long, they bring their dinner with them. The stage was right along the front and along one side of the stalls (from where the actors enter). Behind this side part were three rows of "side stalls." There was a large balcony at the back above the stalls, and "boxes" at the sides of the balcony. These (one of which we had) consisted of a long balcony, with a bar about two feet high every five feet, marking the line between the boxes. In the one next to us, that is, —practically sitting next to us, were three geishas sitting on the floor. The theatre was crowded, and

it was a strange sight to see the whole audience squatting on the floor, many having their dinner. Two chairs were provided for us, and they were the only two in the whole theatre. The "stalls" were about two feet below the stage. The dresses on the stage were very fine and of the period of the 1st Shogunate, and the whole audience seemed intensely interested. The curtain was pulled across, and a boy came on as prologue. He then went off, and two men came on, one on each side of the stage, and right through the play half sang and half chanted the story of the play before each scene was acted, the actors remaining in one position while they chanted what was coming next.

When the Lord of the Ronins came in, his attendants fell on their knees before him, and appeared to implore his pardon. The Lord Asano fumed and shook and yelled at them, and we asked Kudo the reason of this, as it appeared different from the real story. Kudo said: "He is not angry—he is only thanking them." Whilst Asano was still in this attitude, the stage revolved, and the two men at the side chanted the next scene. Asano wore the old Japanese trousers, which were about three feet longer than his legs, and it did not look an easy task for him to walk. The whole play was not acted, but only up to the part where he was condemned to die; then the curtain was pulled across, and after three quarters of an hour some other piece, for which we did not stay, commenced.

The Japanese have always been exceedingly realistic

in their acting, and they are the originators of the revolving stage, which now is largely used in Europe. The inner workings of their plays are always very elaborate, and sometimes they are even too realistic in European eyes. Occasions have been known on which large quantities of macaroni have been in use during an act in which "Seppuku" has been committed.

One morning we left the hotel early and took the train to Hodzu, in order to shoot the rapids. After a short rickshaw ride from the station, we got into a deep broad-bottomed sampan, manned by six boatmen. They all managed the boat in different ways, but were there chiefly to bring it back up the rapids. The scenery from the river was beautiful, with large bamboo forests on either side, and enormous rocks to steer clear of in the water. The river flowed very fast, and there were quite exciting moments when the boat looked as though it would be dashed to pieces against the rocks, but there were also long spells of calm. It took an hour and a half to get down, but the men would not get back till midnight, although it was then only 12.30. We had lunch at a pretty little tea-house on the river, and on the way made three tiny girls pose for their photographs. They were very shy at first, but, by persuasion, allowed us to take them after a few minutes. Unlike most of the Eastern races, who have been spoiled by that objectionable type of tourist—usually American—who consider there is nothing in this life worth having except money—the Japanese children, at any rate in

the country districts, will not accept money from strangers, and Kudo told us he has often had to stop that type of tourist from throwing money in the streets at the children for the vulgar pleasure of seeing them scramble for it.

On the way back we paid a visit to the Jiu-jitsu school in Kyoto, and watched students wrestling and fencing. The instructors possessed extraordinary ability, flinging their pupils all over the room. The fencers were clad in "protectors" made like old Japanese armour, and wore skirts. They hit each other as fast as they could, and as hard as possible, making a noise all the time like lions roaring. If one lost his "sword," the other dropped his, and they wrestled in their armour so vigorously that we thought they had lost their tempers. As there were about fourteen couples all in one square, dashing into each other, and hitting and yelling for all they were worth, clad in armour and skirts, the effect was very weird.

The Zoological Gardens in Kyoto are not very large, but are worth visiting. There is food placed in front of the animals' cages, with a money-box near, and visitors are trusted to pay for what they take, a system they are not likely to adopt at the London Zoo.

We went over two Imperial palaces in Kyoto, one ancient and formerly belonging to the Shoguns, and the other modern. These again were very like the Nagoya Castle. The throne-room at the Mikado's palace is very large, and there is a pretty landscape

garden in the grounds. We also visited one private house in Kyoto, belonging to a Japanese millionaire, and this contained a most exquisite garden, laid out in Japanese fashion, with water running through it and working a picturesque little mill. The house itself was scrupulously clean, and had a large godown attached to it. There was also a little private temple in one of the rooms, very prettily arranged. On entering the house, instead of ringing a bell, one slides the outer door back, and this rings a bell hanging on to it.

We decided to go from Kyoto to Amanohashidate, which is said to be one of three sights of Japan, and to spend two nights at villages on the way. The first part of the journey was made by train to Otzu, which is situated on Lake Biwa. It is a typical Japanese town, and we went all over it in rickshaws, as the steamer taking us across the lake promised to wait for us. We were the only Europeans, and were given chairs in the bows, where we had tiffin, which we had brought with us. Most of the Japanese eat the whole time, a habit they have both on boats and in trains, in order to pass the time away. On arriving at Imadzu, we had to engage six coolies to take us in rickshaws for two days, and this took some time, as they had to go and say "Goodbye" to their relations, and settle who was to come. They informed the town that we were coming, with the result that the streets were lined with men, women and children galore.

On leaving Imadzu we were in rickshaws for two and



KOYOSHI AND FUKU-KO.

a half hours, and went through very pretty scenery. We put up at an inn in Kumagawa, and had a Japanese dinner early. One would have imagined that all the mosquitoes in Japan had collected there. They were bad in most places in Japan, but were worse in this little village than in any place we visited. A peculiar thing about the Japanese mosquito is that it does not "sing," and so cannot be located in the dark if one happens to be inside the net. We had the usual mattresses in the middle of the floor, and the enormous mosquito net, and this time we brought our cushions as pillows.

While having our baths, one of the coolies came and fanned away the mosquitoes.

The following morning we started off in rickshaws with the same coolies, for a forty-mile drive. After two hours we reached the sea, and went along the shore for nearly ten miles. We had tiffin at a little tea-house on the way, and arrived at Shimaizuru at about 4.30, after nine hours in rickshaws through exquisite scenery. It seems almost incredible that the same coolies should have run the whole way and have had nothing to eat en route except some rice, but they did so, and were by no means tired out at the end, although they had taken us for two and a half hours the day before. We seemed more tired and cramped after sitting in the same position all that time than they were. One of them had a dog, which proved most useful, as up hills he was always harnessed in front of

my rickshaw, and, according to the coolies, helped a great deal. He also created some diversion by fighting another dog in every village we passed, until at last when a village was sighted he was tied underneath a rickshaw.

The coolies seemed to thoroughly enjoy their trip, and laughed and talked incessantly, and were full of good humour. They did not ask vast sums more than their fare, nor become surly as the Chinese do, but all came in a body, full of smiles, to say goodbye to us.

Shimaidzuru is a naval station, and Kudo was immediately accosted by a detective, who wanted to know all about us. We went on from here by train to Maidzuru, where we stopped at a very clean and comfortable inn, and had our food on a table. This was the only inn we came across that contained any washing utensils besides the ordinary bath. There were no mosquitoes at all here, and our maid woke us in the morning by sliding the sides—an excellent method of waking most of the village.

After breakfast we left by boat for Miyadzu, where we went to a little inn looking right over the water, and from where we got a magnificent view of the famous pine grove stretching across the water for two miles. The scenery is said to be like the inland sea, and is extremely pretty. The inn here was very nice, and both clean and comfortable, and they provided some European food. After tiffin we went in rickshaws

to Amanohashidate right across the water, through the pine grove. On reaching the other side, we walked up the hill to a little tea-house, built high up for the view. The latter is superb. In the whole course of our travels we did not see anything to excel it. That evening someone got the bath before we did, so they very kindly changed the water for us, giving us the baths almost at boiling point. In the evening we sent for three geishas to dance and sing for us. They came early, and waited on us during dinner. After dinner they squatted on the floor and drank tea and cider, and had cakes and cigarettes with us. They danced several dances and played the samisen, and then I asked them if they would care to learn an English dance. Like all Eastern dancing, their dances consisted of body and facial movements, so that European dancing was an entire novelty to them. They all said they would like to learn, so we showed them a waltz and a one-step. They found it difficult at first, and the tightness of their kimono handicapped them, but they roared with laughter, and thoroughly enjoyed it, insisting on dancing until they had to go to dance and amuse some Japanese who had sent for geishas.

There is no type or class outside Japan that represent the geisha. Their object in life is to amuse others, and it does not follow at all that because they are geishas they lead an immoral life. Some geishas do, because they have two separate licences, but they are quite a distinct class. In Yokohama, the town which comes

most under Western influence, there are no geishas with only the geisha licence, and that is one reason why it is unjust to judge the nation from the life in the ports.

We asked the geishas if they would like to come with us to Ochitoge the next day, in rickshaws, and they said they would, but only two were able to come. Ochitoge is not far from Miyadzu, and a very pretty drive lasting nearly two hours. The geishas in rickshaws, clad in their kimono and obi and with coloured sunshades, made an extremely pretty picture. They never wear hats, of course, but had their thick black hair arranged in the unmarried fashion. We had a steep climb at the end, and the view from the top almost equalled that of Amanohashidate. The geishas seemed to enjoy it very much, and on getting to the top produced mirrors and papier poudre, and powdered themselves and smoked. They are all very vain, and when we came down they would not drink much tea (there happened to be some European tea at the tea-house), as they said it would spoil their complexions.

At first they were shy, as two of them had not spoken to Europeans before, but they soon became at home and enjoyed themselves. They could not, of course, speak a word of English. They came again in the evening, and did some different dances, but were very keen to waltz and one-step. They had to go away very early, as they had been engaged some time before, but they thanked us very much, and I think we introduced something novel into their rather monotonous lives.

They seemed quite happy and content, however. For a long way down the town we heard their cry of "Sayonora" to us as they went away.

The little maid who waited on us had watched us teaching the geishas dancing, and when they went away and we answered their "Sayonara" from the window, she started to cry, as we had not taught *her* to dance, and she would not be pacified until I gave her a little bunch of flowers from some that one of the geishas had given me, and put them in her hair. She then quite recovered and became full of life and spirits again. They are just like children.

An amusing example of the manner in which the Japanese often mix up European ideas with their own in order to appear modern, was shown to us whilst in Miyadzu. One afternoon we thought we would have a bathe in the lake in a secluded spot. We undressed and put on kimono, and were about to make our way to a suitable place, when we were informed that on no account must we bathe without full bathing costume, as Miyadzu was a naval station!

On leaving the inn we were presented with "tenu-gui" and post-cards, and went in rickshaws to Maidzuru, and from there back to Kyoto by train.

That night was the night of the Mikado's funeral from Tokyo, and so we wandered through the streets, and went to the grounds of the Chionin temple, where an enormous crowd had collected at a service held by Buddhist priests, under the temple gate. There were

thousands present, and the priests chanting sounded extremely like vespers sung by monks at the far end of a large cathedral. Every house and little shop in Kyoto had a flag hung with crepe, and a lantern outside it. At 11 o'clock every light in the city was put out for a minute, as a sign of mourning and reverence to the late Mikado. All the maids at the hotel wore a black kimono, with their jo-mon or family crest on them, and all the menus had black-edged borders.

On getting back to Kyoto, we were delighted to find that Mrs. H. and her daughter had returned from China, and were in Kyoto. We all went off to see as much of the Mikado's funeral as possible. There were enormous crowds round the train lines, and we waited there for forty minutes, being kindly given chairs by some Buddhist priests. We were only able to see the coffin carriage, as no-one was allowed within a mile of the coffin.

We arranged with Mrs. H. that we should all four go off the next morning to visit Miyajima—another one of the three sights of Japan, and so the following morning we rose at 3.30, and left by the five o'clock train. On the way down to the station in rickshaws, we met the night watchman returning home after his rounds.

While we were in Kyoto we each had our own rickshaw "boy" all the time, and my boy showed me various cards that Europeans had given him. He was very pleasant and obliging, and always wreathed in smiles, and his name was Kik-u. I gave him my card with



STREET SCENE

"Kik-u thoroughly belies his name" on it, which pleased him very much, although he hadn't the faintest notion what it meant.

The train was completely full during the first part of the journey, chiefly with officers and officials returning after the funeral, so we had to remain all the time in the dining-car.

Miyajima is a sacred island—almost everything on it is sacred—and no-one is allowed to die there. Anyone showing signs of dying is taken off to the mainland. There is no means of conveyance of any sort on the island, not even a rickshaw or a chair. In the water, in front of the temple which is on the island, is the famous Torri or temple gate painted red. It looks extremely pretty, but, of course, has often been renewed owing to the water rotting the wood, in time. It is a very beautiful island, thickly wooded, and splendidly situated. The temple is a large one, though not so elaborate as most. All round the temples are the various sacred animals, including doves, cranes, and deer. They are all very tame, and come up to be fed. There is also a sacred horse, which is practically never taken out at all, as they say the goddess exercises it when she rides it. The sacred horses are said to become white after being a short time on the island, and one cannot be surprised. In the temple there is a large room where visitors are expected to make an offering towards the upkeep of the temple by buying a rice spoon and hanging it upon the wall. The whole room

was covered with rice spoons, signed by the donors. Every two years they are taken down and burnt.

The dancing girls came out of the temple to a little side temple, and danced, two priests officiating. We were told this pleased the spirit of the gods.

From the top of the island one gets a very fine view of the Torri, the sea and the mainland. Miyajima would be an ideal place for a holiday, and there is a European hotel there with the dining-room in the garden. There are also little Japanese houses in the garden where one can stay if one wishes to, and have meals in the dining-room.

We had a most hilarious dinner party in the evening in memory of old times, our hilarity affecting the maids so much that they were unable to hold the plates steady. On leaving the hotel the next day, the manager and five maids came down to the launch to see us off.

We managed to get a private compartment to Kobe, and had a thoroughly enjoyable trip, thanks once again to Mrs. H's personality.

We spent two days in Kobe preparatory to sailing, and were both very disappointed with it. One can easily see how those who only visit the ports can get a wrong idea of Japan. Kobe is neither European nor Japanese, and a greater contrast to a town like Kyoto cannot be imagined. In most places we visited we were always at least an object of interest to those whom we passed in the streets and elsewhere, and while that is the case, it is impossible to say that Japan has become

"too Westernised now." During one rickshaw ride through the town we passed many European residents, officers from trading ships, enormous white-faced European women (for whom Japan is noted and who are practically never seen elsewhere), army men with their children and Chinese nurses, two Sacred Heart nuns, German sailors from a man-of-war in the harbour, a Roman Catholic Bishop in cassock and pectoral cross, a number of Chinese and their children dressed in native fashion, and a troupe of music-hall artistes who had come on their annual tour.

In the afternoon we came across the funeral procession of a wealthy Kobe Japanese merchant. It was a very interesting and unique sight. We did not see the beginning of the procession, but it lasted nearly twenty minutes while we were there. About thirty Buddhist priests in gorgeous robes of brilliant colours, in rickshaws, first passed us in single file. Then came about two hundred hired men in twos, dressed as pilgrims, and carrying Japanese lanterns at the end of long bamboo poles. These men were sent by friends of the merchant to walk in the procession. Behind them came the chief priest in a carriage and pair, in full robes, and then another hundred men with lanterns. Then came the second priest in a carriage with one horse, and with an enormous umbrella held over him by a man walking. Behind him were another hundred men carrying offerings of fruit for the grave. These consisted of large bowls of pears, apples, and bananas—one man also had a

large rice cake, which it is customary to bury with the deceased. Then, carried by eight men, came the coffin or "kuga" in the shape of a sedan chair, as the Japanese are buried squatting. Behind this came the deceased's wife and female relations, very picturesque figures in pure white kimono and long blue veils, blue and white being the old sign of mourning. Behind them came two or three hundred women mourners in twos, in black kimono with their crests on.

Then came hundreds of men mourners, some in kimono, and some in ridiculous frock coats, Japanese shoes and bowlers, and then many more men with lanterns.

Nothing could exceed the genuine courtesy and kindness with which we were treated all over Japan, and though it is sometimes said by those who dislike Japan: "Oh, yes, but that is only on the surface; look how dishonest they are compared with the Chinese." I utterly disagree with them. During all the time we were in Japan we never had the smallest thing stolen, despite the fact that there were many opportunities to do so. On leaving Kyoto, to go to Amanohashidate, we left all the things that we had bought in Japan, including kimono, china, ivory, pictures, and damascene, some of them quite valuable, in our room in a box without a lid, and nothing was touched, although they were taken out of the room which was let in our absence. Nothing could have been easier than to steal our belongings in the country inns while we were having baths,

and we never had the least unpleasantness with even a rickshaw coolie, nor with anyone, although we were often the only Europeans in the large villages. Before we left, Kudo's wife sent us each a small kimono such as all the children wear, which she and her sister made as a memento of our visit. The geishas at Miyadzu sent us the following letter and their photographs, although they knew we had already left Japan, and so could not possibly see us again. This is a translation, as the original was in Japanese :—

“ Mr. J.

Mr. T.

Please allow us to write a few lines. When you paid a visit to this Miyadzu some time ago, you invited us and treated us in such a special way, that we cannot help thanking you. Not only that, you kindly sent us our photographs, really well taken, which we received with great thanks. Please be at ease about it. After you left, the whole town seemed to be dull and quiet, and we especially miss you immensely, and we talk of you every day.

We beg to tell you that the dance which you so kindly taught us is practised by us every day, other girls in the town also taking part in it. When you come next, please teach us some other dance.

As the climate is getting cold, we would cordially hope you will take care of yourself.

Thanking again for the photographs, and hoping to see you soon again. Goodbye.

Koyoshi.

Tsumagiku.

Fuku-ko."

The Japanese are often said to be dishonest in business, and this certainly *was* the case to a great extent. Up to a comparatively few years ago they were not allowed to trade with foreigners, and if they did, were looked on as outcasts. The natural result was that only the worst characters indulged in trade with foreigners. The latter naturally enough, but quite wrongly, judged the nation by these men whom they came in contact with, and whom they found would often make bargains, but never keep to them. The Japanese have now to live this down, and it is no easy task to live down such a deep-rooted prejudice for which there was once some foundation. The Japanese have always been a nation of Samurai, and looked down on business in any form, while the Chinese have always been the reverse, and have discovered that honesty pays in the long run.

We only saw one Japanese drunk, and I do not believe there is a more honest or naturally courteous nation existing. One of their great gifts is that they always seem to be happy and contented ; one does not meet that incessant surliness and obvious loathing of foreigners that one gets in the Chinese.

STREET
SCENE.



At one up-country town in Japan we expressed a desire to see a Japanese school, and without being told so until we were on our way, we were heralded there as being "two learned Cambridge graduates, come to Japan to study Japanese education." We were asked if we had our top hats with us, as the Japanese are very formal on these occasions, but as we had not even a stiff collar between us, we had to go without. We had not expected such a reputation to proceed us. We went to the schools in rickshaws, and were received by the headmaster and given tea. We were then given the plans of the buildings to look at, and duly approved of them. The headmaster told the teacher of English to show us round, but the latter could not understand one word we said, and so Kudo had to interpret. We asked afterwards how he could possibly teach English, and were told "from books." Kudo, who spoke excellent English, said he first learnt it in that manner himself. We were taken to the kindergarten, where there were about one hundred tiny boys and girls, all under five, and clad in kimono, and with their hair cut in Japanese fashion. They were all called out to sing and march for us, which they did very well. We also saw the girls swinging clubs, learning Japanese classics, and sewing, and we stayed for some time watching them being taught manners and etiquette, the latter being especially interesting. At each class we went into we created great interest. and all the girls pretended to be looking at their books, but were really laughing and looking at us from behind

them. We attempted to look as learned as possible, but found it very difficult under the circumstances.

In the summer the sun is very strong in Japan, and a great number suffer from sunstroke. There are a large number of patent medicines to prevent sunstroke, and the vendors of them in the streets never wear hats, as no-one would buy from them if they did—but we noticed they very often remained in the shade.

The Japanese are not good mathematicians, and cannot count well. Every shop always has in use balls on wire to count with, however small the purchases may be. This is the reason why so many Chinese are employed in the banks, as they are very quick at figures.

At Kobe we say "goodbye" to Kudo, with whom we were very loath to part, and who had helped to make out stay in Japan most enjoyable. We had another farewell dinner with Mrs. H. and her daughter, and then embarked on a Japanese ship belonging to the Toyo Kishen Kaisha, very sorry indeed to leave Japan, where we had been treated so well, and which we had enjoyed so much. The Japanese boat was very large and comfortable, and in some ways more up to date than the others we had been on. Every other evening there was a cinematograph entertainment on the upper deck. It was quite crowded, the majority of passengers being bound for Shanghai.

The journey down the inland sea is very beautiful, but after Miyajima, it loses some of its attraction. We arrived at Nagasaki just as that terrible typhoon that

so nearly destroyed Gifu and many other places, was raging. We went on shore, and drove for tiffin in rickshaws to Mogi, which is six miles out of the town, through a very pretty drive with bamboo forests on either side.

On getting back, we watched the coaling for some time, as it is a unique sight. About three hundred men and women came to the ship in sampans, the women with aprons over their kimono, and "tenugui" over their heads to protect their hair. A large number of flat, broad-bottomed sampans, full of coal, were brought alongside the ship, and steps of boards and ropes were rigged up. The men and women then formed a chain up the steps and in the sampans, and passed up basket after basket with lightning speed, the top one flinging them down as fast as she emptied them. The women, who were in the majority, worked as fast and as long as the men. While we were watching, a terrific wind was raging, nearly swamping two sampans, and making it impossible for them to continue coaling, or get back to the land, so the coaling was stopped, and they were all taken on board. Although due to start at 4 p.m., we were unable to leave till the next morning, as it would have been dangerous to turn. The next day it was quite rough, but luckily, we only came in for the very tail of the typhoon.

CHINA.

AFTER four nights on the boat we arrived at Shanghai and put in for eight hours. The ships anchor a long way from the town and it takes over an hour on a tender down the Whang Poo before reaching Shanghai itself. It is easy to tell when one arrives in Chinese waters from the colour of the sea, which is absolutely yellow. After lunch at an hotel on the quay, we drove round Shanghai in a car, and just before starting, while sitting in the car, T. bought some postcards from a Chinaman for about twenty cents, and gave him a dollar to change. He saw we were in the car and on the point of moving, so he dashed off in the other direction and disappeared, leaving us with a not over good first impression of the Chinese.

Shanghai is large and has some very fine private houses, but the dirt in all the Chinese quarters and in the shops is appalling, whole families sitting in one dirty squalid room eating their food surrounded by filth, and the same applies to the Chinese quarters in Hong Kong, Java and Malay. Owing to the boat being anchored so far away we had very little time in Shanghai and left again before six p.m.

We arrived at Hong Kong about two days later, and the heat there equalled that of Tokyo. The entrance to Hong Kong is very fine and the harbour extremely pretty. Most of the houses are painted blue and have big verandahs on every floor, giving them a quaint appearance in the distance from the boat. The hotels in Hong Kong are notoriously bad. There are some quite nice rickshaw and chair drives round Hong Kong, past the cemetery which is known as the Happy Valley. A magnificent view of the harbour and the surrounding district is obtained from the top of the Peak, where the barracks and Governor's house are situated. It commands a view of the whole island and the Peak railway runs part of the way up it.

The Chinese coolies are treated very differently to the Japanese, and seem to expect to be. If they are not going fast enough, or if they collide with another rickshaw they are kicked and sworn at, and look down on one if one does not treat them in that manner. If one is staying at an hotel they always demand at least twice as much as their legal fare, and the hotels each have an Indian policeman to deal with them and he does not hesitate to hit them about if he sees them arguing, without even enquiring how much one has paid. The coolies always try to put one down some way off from the entrance—and the policeman. The latter evidently do not consider them honest. While we were sitting in the verandah of the hotel a lady brought down a pair of trousers belonging to her husband

and gave them to a Chinaman who was waiting, to mend. The latter took them off and about two minutes later was brought back firmly held by a policeman, who enquired if he had really been given them, and on finding that he had, let the Chinaman go. Instead of being intensely indignant he took it as a matter of course and departed without a word. In the shops they do not seem to care in the least as to whether they sell anything or not and are most disobliging. Mrs. C. who had been on the Pacific with us, and whom we met again here, had a dress made by a Chinese tailor and on trying it on found it did not fit. The Chinaman did not seem to care. "No fit no take" was all that could be got out of him. We also went into a large boot shop and bought two pairs of Chinese shoes to send away. On asking for a cardboard box (there were many in the shop), after having paid for the shoes, "No got box" was his answer.

The Chinese rickshaws are much bigger than the Japanese, many of them being double ones. They have longer shafts, are lower on the ground and have pneumatic tyres. The carrying chairs also are quite different, having very long poles and being carried by only two men.

From Hong Kong we left by boat for Macao, which is about four hours journey and belongs to the Portuguese, of whom there are about three thousand residents, and all the police are Portuguese.

There are the ruins of a very fine old church there,

about four centuries old, and destroyed by a typhoon. There are some excellent gardens in Macao and the flowers and blossoms were beautiful, but one would imagine that most of the population were beggars, as they are perpetually following one, and running after the rickshaws, which quite spoils the enjoyment of the gardens. We went into an old Chinese prison here, a quaint building half temple and half hospital, where a native doctor sits at a desk and prescribes for those who come in. There were also some enormous balls of opium here. As it was the anniversary of the Chinese Republic, the streets were packed with natives and fireworks were let off all over the streets.

Macao is famous for its gambling dens, and we entered one and tried our luck. The Chinese are, of course, great gamblers and will sit for whole days playing for enormous stakes. The Macao system is rather strange. The gamblers go upstairs to the room over which the actual table is, and which is really a round gallery looking down on to the table, and all sit around. On the middle of the table is a square with the sides marked 1, 2, 3 and 4 respectively, and money is placed on whichever side one chooses. When everyone has put their money on, by letting it down from above in a bag on a string—the Chinaman at the head of the table picks up a handful of coins with holes in them indiscriminately from a heap beside him and then, with a stick, removes them in lots of four, and the number in the final lot is the winning number. The place was full of dirt and

smoke and smelt horribly, and the Chinese woman next to me insisted on eating nuts while gambling and spitting the shells on my clothes.

We left Macao after dining there, and went on board a Chinese ship bound for Canton, where we arrived very early the next morning.

Canton is one of the most unique and interesting cities in the world, and it would not be possible to go there without a guide. We secured a very good one (though rather bumptious) and left the quay in carrying chairs. The inhabitants of Canton are extremely anti-European and it is not safe to walk about the streets, especially so at that time, as it was just after the fighting, and the new Republic had not yet been acknowledged by the Powers.

None of the streets are more than ten feet wide, and most of them not more than six feet, there being just room for two carrying chairs to pass at the same time, and they were all densely packed with Chinese pushing and yelling. Flags, banners and advertisements hung from all the shops and the owners of the latter put their goods outside the shop-fronts, making the streets even less wide than ever. At about every five hundred yards were two very dirty looking soldiers with rifles and fixed bayonets. Every street was just the same, with the same crowd of Chinese selling, shouting and jostling one another, carrying baskets and pails at each end of a bamboo pole, and others carrying all kinds of movables. Most of the streets are covered in,



CHUNG ANCESTRAL TEMPLE, CANTON

thus shutting out the sun and fresh air. The smells in Canton are appalling, and like Tokyo, every street seems to have a different odour. If one stopped at all, a crowd always collected—as they did in Japan, but *not* with the same expression or feelings. As soon as we entered a shop the doors were immediately locked and kept locked until we left and went on.

There are some very clever and beautiful industries in Canton, including one or two that are unique.

Brooches and ornaments are made from silver and feathers, the latter being placed in position, and beaten until they look like very beautiful enamel. It is very delicate work, and many—if they keep to it for long—go blind. Other industries include ricepaper, jade, lacquer and silk, all of them very beautiful work. We visited an old temple of five hundred genii which was covered with dirt and filth like many of the Chinese temples, which look more like newly discovered museums than temples. Many of them have been partially destroyed since the Revolution on the principle of “New dynasty, new gods.” There is one interesting and well kept temple in Canton and that is the finest in Southern China, and is a private one—the Chung Ancestral Temple. It has five rooms full of tablets put up for each deceased member of the Chung family for generations.

We had tiffin, which our guide had brought with him, in an ivory shop in a back room after having bought some very fine pieces of Chinese ivory for about

one-third of the sum which was originally asked. Two other men and a lady who had come over the same day had to have their tiffin in the Canton graveyard. Before leaving the shop, our guide forced the owner to give us each a bone back-scratcher. On leaving the shop we went to the execution ground, and on the way passed several gates and walls riddled with bullets during the revolution. There is nothing at all to be seen on the execution ground now, but close to it we saw the old executioner sitting down. He has beheaded hundreds of people, but certainly looked very harmless. When he saw us he produced his axe and a skull, which he kicked towards us. He is reduced to this somewhat uncommon method of earning his living, as they no longer behead criminals, and so he lost his job.

There is a very fine old clock in the city, which has been working for six hundred years. It consists of four buckets each a step above the other, with water dripping from the first to the last. As the last one becomes filled the water gradually pushes an indicator (a marked ruler) slightly higher. It is almost accurate to the minute.

From the ascent where the clock is, one can get a very good view of the five storied pagoda and the Canton city wall, which was originally built for the use of bows and arrows. From here we went to see the graveyard. It is a large building with what looked like horse boxes inside gazing on to the open. In each "horse box" was a body in an enormous polished lacquer coffin, very

thickly and very finely made. In front of each one was placed a chair, a cup of tea and incense, and here the bodies remain until the sacerdotal fortune teller informs the relatives that the lucky place and day for burial has been revealed to him. Then the bodies are buried in the coffins. The first one we saw had been there sixty-three years.

The temple "of the Buddhist's hell" has been very badly destroyed and the gods flung about during the revolution. It is now partly used for buying and selling, and on getting out of our chairs we were surrounded by Chinese who were very hostile, but we were not molested. Our guide was a staunch Republican and Captain of the Volunteers and could by signals at any moment collect two or three hundred men if there was any trouble.

All Europeans have to be out of the city by five o'clock, and cross over to where the European embassies are, and so we went back to the boat for tea and watched the unique river life from on deck. The river was packed with enormous junks, sampans, small junks and several navy boats for pirates. The Chinese on these junks and sampans never leave them, they are born there, live there and die there. There are thousands of them and they are known as the river population. We watched them working and moving about for nearly two hours, finding it intensely interesting the whole time.

We went back to Hong Kong on a French boat and

of the three, British, Chinese and French, the latter was by far the most comfortable. We had been warned not to take revolvers into Canton by the officers whom we met at Ikao, as he said it would only create suspicion and be utterly useless amongst so many, which certainly was the case. After being in Canton and just before leaving Hong Kong we met him again on the Peak, but being in a hurry we again parted without learning his name.

On going down to the quay to embark on a German boat for Singapore we found great excitement prevailing, as two Indian policemen were attempting to arrest three Chinamen who had stabbed a woman whilst they were in a sampan. Before the boat sailed we watched the natives in sampans doing a brisk trade with the sailors on the boat, selling them china, mats, sea chests, canaries and all kinds of odds and ends, passing them up on long poles. The sailors are able to sell the birds for about four times the amount at other ports.

SINGAPORE.

THE German boats are very comfortable and have good cabins. They have no regular band, but during lunch and tea some of the stewards play various instruments and one is forcibly reminded of the bands of that nationality that are so frequently to be found in England. The sea was like a lake the whole way to Singapore, and according to the Captain (who by the way was extremely anti-British) it was the fastest trip that had ever been made between the two ports, and as we were not expected for another eight hours we were forced to lie up for over two hours. Quite a number of divers came out in tiny canoes to dive for coins, and though they did not let many coins sink, they were not as agile as the Hawaiians. They then raced in their canoes round the ship, as someone offered the winner half a dollar, and they went round at a great pace, being cheered by everyone on board. From the quay we drove in a "contrivance" drawn by a tiny pony with an Indian driver. Singapore is said to be the most cosmopolitan town in the world, and certainly looks it. Nearly seventy per cent. of its inhabitants are Chinese and the rest are Europeans, Indians, Malays, and Javanese to a large extent. The

Hotels in Singapore do not have European baths in them, but each room has what is known as a Malay bath. Every room has a bath-room under or above it, with steps from the floor of the bed-room into it. In the bath-room is a large round tub into which one gets, and then with a bucket throws water over oneself.

We visited one Chinese temple here which was more elaborate and well cared for than any we had previously seen, and here for the first time we saw some Chinese praying. In the temple on the walls were pictures of a Buddhist's hell and heaven.

The roads in Singapore are excellent, with pineapple, rubber, bananas, cocoanuts, bamboo and gorgeous palms all along the sides shading them. The botanical gardens have some very fine specimens of tropical plants, and especially of ferns. The heat was very great, but now and then one gets tropical showers which last only a few minutes, but are quite drenching, coming right through all waterproofs.

Practically every hotel in the East has a native vendor with a stall in the verandah or entrance to the hotel, and who must make large sums of money from tourists. They ask the most enormous prices—and one supposes occasionally get them—but one can almost always get the article for a third of the original price, and even then feel one has been “done.” Some of these natives are very fond of tossing for a few dollars or so above or below the price named, and they invariably seem to win. We only once saw a native lose in that manner.

The Chinese natives of Singapore wear a costume peculiar to themselves, very vivid in colour, and the Indians and Malays also both wear striking colours, making the street scenes very bright. It is sometimes difficult to tell the men from the women, as the coolies do their hair up at the back, and the Southern Indians wear their hair loose. The Malays all wear "sarongs" —skirts made of a single piece of cotton or silk. Many of the Chinese here were wearing their pig-tails, though in Hong Kong and Canton we hardly saw one. It seems a pity that they should have been given up, as a Chinaman and pigtail seem synonymous. A curious effect of the abolition of the pigtail is the large losses that the makers of the Chinese vests and shirts have sustained, as their oily and dirty pigtails make them unfit for use very quickly, and force them to get new ones.

The railway to Johore from Singapore is very comfortable and through miles of rubber plantations. On getting out at Woodlands, one crosses over to Johore in a ferry. The Sultan of Johore's palace is quite near and in the middle of large grounds, inside which there are a number of large cages where he places the lions that he catches. There is a very big private mosque close by, built of white marble by the present Sultan's father. It contains very little decorations of any sort, except a rather fine pulpit. In the gardens here we heard for the first time a "singing beetle," which sounded like a Japanese locust. These insects

when once they commence to sing, continue singing until they burst.

On one occasion we went into a shop to buy some films, and having paid the coolies dismissed them outside. On going into the shop the Chinese coolies followed us, hoping to get more, and were immediately set on and given violent blows on the head by the proprietor of the shop and a Ceylonese who happened to be in there. They immediately rushed away as fast as they could go.

The next day we went in search of a special kind of parrot that I wanted to bring home and were only able to find one of the exact type I required. The bird belonged to a Chinaman who said it was six months old, a good talker and came out of its cage. I went up to it and examined it closely and found it had only one leg. On remarking this to the owner, he said he had never noticed it before !

One day we went for a motor trip round the island, and the roads were equally good the whole way. They are a very reddish colour, which takes away the effect of the glare. Just outside the town we had a puncture in a road in the midst of a dense forest of cocoanut palms. While the Malay chauffeur mended the tyre we got another Malay to climb one of these enormous palms and get us some cocoanuts. They were extremely large, quite yellow and very heavy. The milk was very sweet. Some of the natives, both here and in Ceylon, live almost entirely on the cocoanuts for both

food and drink. They swarm to the top of the palms with great agility, in bare feet. We tried here to take a photograph of a little Malay boy, but many of them will not be taken, as they imagine they will die soon after. What the connection is it is difficult to imagine.

The Malays do not seem to possess much common-sense, and our boy mended the puncture in the scorchingly hot sun till his clothes were dripping, and the other tyres boiling also—it not having occurred to him that the other side of the road was in the shade. There are many pineapple and rubber plantations in Singapore, the rubber trees having a glass bowl left under them for the tapping, which takes place in the early morning. Part of the road round the island goes through a thick wood reserved for boar hunting, and there are a certain number of crocodiles in the marshes.

On getting back to the hotel we were accosted by the native who was trying to sell an Indian scarf, and was most anxious that we should toss him for ten dollars above or below. Needless to say we did not. During the drive—a long way from any habitation—we came across a tiny little black puppy sitting in the middle of the road. We were going very fast at the time, and went right over it without touching it at all, it then got up and trotted away quite unconcerned.

One evening we saw large placards advertising a real old-fashioned circus at the “Hippodrome,” so we thought we would see what it was like. It consisted of an enormous tent (with many holes in it) and vast

numbers of chairs. We took a box and stayed for the whole performance. Not the least interesting part was watching the vast cosmopolitan crowd all around. All were in their native costumes in striking colours, and included Malays, Javanese, Indians, Chinese, Burmese, Japanese and Europeans of all sorts, including bluejackets of many nations. The entertainment was really very good indeed, consisting of performing elephants, trick horseriding, music, dancing, and ending with a lion tamer and four very fine lions. The whole audience seemed to appreciate it thoroughly.

JAVA.

FROM Singapore we embarked on a Dutch boat en route for Java. There are small but very comfortable boats plying between Singapore and Batavia, and ours was quite full, chiefly of Dutch. When we arrived at the quay quite three quarters of those on board were endeavouring to sell various articles, and the vendors consisted of Indians, Malays, Chinese and Dutch.

Java is one of the most beautiful and interesting places in the world, and it is the greatest pity it is so far away, and therefore visited by so few—though perhaps were it otherwise it would lose much of its charm. The scenery is beautiful, the natives are quiet and courteous, there are many old and quaint customs, and for fruit and tropical vegetation of all sorts, it of course excels all other countries. It contains forests, rivers, mountains, volcanos and magnificent gardens and very interesting old temples. There are very few English residents there (there is not even an English paper published), and the European residents are almost all Dutch. The native population is very large, and there are several native princes who have large armies of their own, but of course they are all under the Dutch sovereign.

At one time Java was a British possession, and there is a monument in Batavia to commemorate the Battle of Waterloo. The harbour of Batavia is Tanjong Pryok, and from there one takes the train on to Batavia; at the station we got into a Javanese *dosados*, a most uncomfortable conveyance, and drove to the hotel, where we arrived about 8 a.m. The heat was intense even at this early hour. The hotels are not built as we understand them—namely a building with a dining-room, and bed-rooms on all the floors, but there is a large dining room in the main building, and all around are little bungalows next to one another. Each bungalow consists of a sitting-room verandah, a large bedroom and a Malay bathroom. We each had adjoining bungalows.

After breakfast we went out for a drive through Batavia and Weltevreden, as afternoon drives are impossible, owing to the heat. The natives seem to spend hours washing their sarongs and themselves also. The river was full of them—all washing, standing in the river with their sarongs on. These soon dry when they come out and the washing does not seem to affect the brilliant colours of their clothes. It is an interesting sight to see them all in the water together, occasionally picking up a small naked child and plunging it into the water, much to its objection. Our carriage was drawn by two sturdy little Javanese ponies, who seemed as fresh when they returned as when we started, despite the heat.

From tiffin time till after tea, no one moves. Most



WAYSIDE
SCENE.

of the Dutch, both men and women, put on native dress and sleep till tea time, when they have a bath and the social part of the day begins. After tea we drove past the pretty European houses with many large Dutch-women sitting on the verandahs clad in sarongs and jackets. In the town itself were quaint Dutch beer halls, with many Dutch listening to the bands and drinking beer. The tables consist of beer barrels and all the women were dressed in their best.

The Javanese have a unique method of watering the roads. They carry two water cans attached by a cord to a bamboo stick across their shoulders, and empty the cans along the road, a very tiring job, as they have to walk the whole way back to fill the cans unless they happen to be near the river.

No sheets or blankets are given to one at night (except, of course, to lie on), nor are they needed. It is much too hot for even a sheet, and a thin sarong is quite enough to sleep in. Each bed is provided with an enormous "birch" to slay stray mosquitos that may have got under the net. On retiring the first night, we found our rooms occupied by mosquitos, ants, grasshoppers and lizards. But it is the same everywhere, and the lizards are really very welcome, as they swarm round the walls and eat the mosquitos and are quite harmless. We used to watch them stalking the most enormous moths and flies. They are unable to open their eyes and mouths at the same time, but they seldom miss their prey.

There is an enormous variety of fruit in Java, and most of it is excellent. The bananas are a very reddish colour, and extremely rich, tasting quite different from those that are exported and ripen in foreign climes. There are bananas, pineapple, durian, dekoa, mangosteen, rambootans, jambo and many others. The durian is very famous, and is said to be the most delicious fruit existing when one gets accustomed to it. It has the most appalling smell, and is very strong. It is easy to tell if it is being sold at the other end of the street. Once it has been tasted, however, one is supposed to like it ever afterwards. But I am afraid after we had tasted it—it was a case of “Quoth the Raven.” All the other fruit we found delicious, including the mangosteen, for one small box of which Queen Victoria is said to have offered £1,000. Although this is most improbable, it expresses the excellency of the fruit.

The population of Batavia is very mixed, or rather many different tribes have settled there and intermarried, and the majority are not pure Javanese. There is a very interesting museum in Batavia, full of old Javanese armour and art and specimens of modern industries. Near Tanjong Pryok is an excellent enclosure for bathing, shut off from sharks, which abound on the Javanese coast.

From Batavia we went to Buitenzorg, which is about seventy miles distant, and is one of the beauty spots of Java, and contains the finest botanical gardens

existing. The line is a single one and quite pretty. We had another bungalow at the hotel here, with a verandah looking over the river below across a valley of palms, with a very fine view of Mount Salak in the background.

At tiffin we sampled for the first time a Javanese "rice-table." This is a Javanese custom, and when one expects to sit down to a light lunch on a hot day, it comes as rather a shock. We walked into the dining-room and were shown to a table, and each given a large bowl of rice. Then seven native "boys" formed up in a line behind our chairs, all the boys having a dish in each hand—and some of the dishes containing mixtures. One has to take a certain amount of everything, and a few of the things were as follows :—Two kinds of fowl, chutneys, sambal, olives, fish, rissoles, beetroot, curry, four kinds of vegetables, and several things we did not dare ask the origin of. The sauces and curries were very hot, and though one course of fourteen dishes carried by seven waiters sounds enough for one meal, three others followed! No wonder everyone in Java sleeps all the afternoon! There is a small bathing tank attached to the hotel, and so we had a refreshing swim before going out again after tea to the botanical gardens.

The gardens resemble a forest in size and magnificence. There are said to be ten thousand different specimens of trees growing there. There are many tall palm trees with thick creeper growing up to the leaves at the top of the

tree, giving a very pretty appearance to the part that would otherwise look rather bare. There are also many fine bamboo clusters and orchids and ferns. The Speitz gardens are a continuation of the botanical gardens, and contain very many different produce-bearing trees, such as coffee, cocoa, pepper, banana, sago and ebony. The water lilies, a deep red and white, are very pretty, and the *Victoria Regina* leaves and sausage trees very quaint. We also went into an old Hindu temple just outside Buitenzorg, where two deep footprints of the god on a stone are shown. Nearly every religion seems to possess some footprint of its god. In the early morning, hundreds of natives would come down and wash in the river in front of the hotel, making the river a mass of picturesque colours.

One has to get up very early in Java, and we left Buitenzorg at 5 a.m. to get to Garoet, which is some way further east. On getting into our bungalows we were serenaded by a native band. Garoet is noted for its bamboo instrument bands, and though they were chiefly boys who played to us, they did so extremely well, all their instruments being made entirely of bamboo. Near Garoet is Tjiponas, where there are hot spring baths, and one of them exclusively reserved for Europeans.

The Javanese are excellent waiters and serve with extreme rapidity—almost too quickly, one feels that they are standing in a line behind one's chair, all watching for the last mouthful to disappear in order to see who



BOTANICAL GARDENS, BUITENZORG.

can get the plate away first. Sometimes we even sent them for unwanted bread and salt, etc., to take their eyes off us. They always wait barefoot and wear strange little cloth caps with the ends tied like wings.

One morning we left the hotel at 4.30 and drove in a very small trap to Tjisoeroepan, which is two and a half miles from Garoet. After breakfasting here we mounted two small Javanese ponies. They were very sturdy and marvellously sure-footed, taking us up what were practically steep steps almost continually for the last hour. They are not unlike Highland ponies in appearance, but are far more sure-footed and stronger even than their Scotch brethren ; and also, it must be remembered, work in a tropical sun. Most of the way was very shady owing to the large trees and ferns, and after steep winding climbs, the road consisting in many places of steps cut in the rock, we came in sight of the Papandyan crater about 9 a.m. Here we left our ponies and walked to the top of the crater, which covers a very large area. Volumes of steam were issuing forth and the whole ground was covered in sulphur, and the noise of the boiling water and lava was deafening. There has not been an eruption of the volcano for about one hundred and fifty years, but it is still alive, and of course might erupt at any time. At this last eruption whole villages were destroyed, and about three thousand people lost their lives.

The ponies were equally sure-footed down hill, and on getting to the level again actually galloped back to the

hotel, though the sun was by this time very strong. On the way back we passed large numbers of buffaloes wallowing in the mud at the sides of the roads and fields. They are very greatly used as beasts of burden for all kinds of work. The Javanese huts are entirely made of twisted bamboo, and it is quite a common sight to see a native walking along, carrying the whole of one side of his house.

After leaving Garoet at 5 a.m. we went to spend a night at Borobodur in order to see the famous old Buddhist temple. To get there from Garoet one has to take the train to Djocjacata, and then a tram-train to Moentilan for one and a half hours through many rice and tobacco fields, and lastly a drive to Borobodur itself. The trains in Java are very dirty, and pieces of coal come in at every window and make everything black, despite the gauze windows. The Dutchmen in the trains always produce eau de Cologne and pour it over their faces and foreheads. At first sight this looks very effeminate, but is delightfully cooling and is universally indulged in.

The Borobodur temple is an ancient Buddhist one, built about the eighth or ninth century, and is in an excellent state of preservation. It is built in the form of a circle and has never had a roof to it, and is one of the few Buddhist temples designed without one. It consists of about nine corridors built in tiers right round it, the last two or three consisting of Buddhas enclosed in "stone cages." The corridors have very fine carvings

of Buddha's life from his birth onwards. These again are marvellously preserved, considering their antiquity and the earthquakes they have resisted. The whole temple was made without any cement at all, each stone being fitted to its fellow one. There are very many large statues of Buddha still existing, and one or two very fine arches, but the carvings of Buddha's life are the feature of the temple. It is the greatest marvel that this structure, with neither mortar nor cement, should have withstood for such ages, in the middle of the tropics, the volcanos, earthquakes and torrents of rain that deluge the country in the wet season. Of the one thousand five hundred bas reliefs that originally existed, about a thousand still remain in a good condition, and there are considerably more than four hundred statues of Buddha still to be seen.

Djocjacata is a very pleasant place to stay in, and is one of the healthiest spots in Java and possesses an excellent European club. The Sultan of Djocja (as it is called for short) is a very important person, and over fifteen thousand natives live in the Kraton, which is four miles in circumference, and are all his own personal dependants. There are many buildings there, including the Sultan's palace, the house of the Dutch President (who has filled his garden with ancient images and carvings taken from the temples), the dwellings of the Sultan's concubines, and many other state buildings, including the soldiers' barracks.

At Brambanan, which is just outside Djocja, there

were originally five hundred small Hindu temples dotted about near one another. Many of them are still left, with here and there some fine old images of gods, notably that of Ganeshi, the elephant-headed god.

There is an ancient water castle in Djocja, belonging to the Sultan, but it is now in ruins. It covers a very large area, and one can still see the private apartments of the Sultan's wives and their bathing pond; also the Sultan's bathing pond, the guard houses and many smaller rooms in the main building, and there is a subterranean passage under the castle grounds. Like the Borobodur temple the castle has suffered much from earthquakes.

On going out early one morning here we saw a Dutch family playing tennis, although it was not yet 7 a.m., and the father and mother were sitting in sarongs watching. On one road near Djocja we passed many Javanese dancing girls gorgeously clad and covered in paint. Between Djocja and Soerabaia, which is the most eastern port of Java, is Soeracata or Solo. It is the capital of the Sultan and has a very large population. Passing in the train, we saw, close to Solo, a large forest fire and swarms of wild monkeys running about. Soerabaia is not a very interesting town, but is second in importance after Batavia and is a very active port. We spent one night here before going up to the hills.

To go to Java and not pay a visit to the hills would be to miss half its interest and enjoyment. We left Soerabaia at 5 a.m., and took the train to Passoeroean



BROMO CRATER.

and then had a two hours' drive in a very jolty and narrow cart, and became completely covered in dust. The natives in this part of the country—between Passoeroean and Poespoe—seemed more picturesque than in other parts, the women being clad in long coloured veils, draping their shoulders, and bright sarongs, with large bracelets on their bare feet, and necklaces of different coloured beads. Many of them are strikingly handsome, and the fact that they always carry everything on their heads has the effect of giving them extremely upright and graceful figures.

After driving for two hours in the cart, we came to an hotel at Poespoe, a very long way up, as we had been climbing the whole time, and seven miles from Tosari, our destination. Here we had breakfast, and mounted ponies for the rest of the way. Coolies on foot brought our suit cases, which we had luckily covered in oilskins. It had been quite fine and warm up to this point, but the rainy season was expected to begin any day now. The road was quite good, but a very steep climb through avenues of bamboo and pine trees containing many pretty flowers. We passed large numbers of monkeys, who leapt from tree to tree with marvellous rapidity (many with young ones clinging to them), when our coolies yelled at them. After about one hour's stiff riding it commenced to pour with rain in perfect torrents, and we got literally drenched to the skin. Nothing but oilskins could possibly withstand such rain. It continued to rain incessantly the whole of

the rest of the way. On reaching Tosari, which is about 6,000 feet above sea level, we were each given a bungalow, and after taking off our soaking clothes we had to remain wrapt in blankets until the coolies brought our bags.

Tosari is the highest health resort in Java and possesses a large sanatorium. The hotel is attached to the sanatorium, and there is a common dining room. It is a favourite resort of those who have been suffering from malaria and require a rest cure, and many Soerabaia residents send their children there. The temperature was very mild after the other parts of Java, and we felt it all the more as we arrived on the very first day of the rainy season. The natives round about Tosari are Tenggers, and live in small kampongs (or villages), and have customs and manners quite distinct from the Javanese proper.

Our first morning in Tosari we started off at 4.30 on ponies for the Bromo crater. The route is through vast agricultural fields, very open, and so there is very little shade. The Dutch Government has planted tjemara trees in this district, in order to make the country less open. It took us three hours' riding, ascending the whole way, and occasionally one got a glimpse of the country far below, and the mountains all around. Just towards the end of the climb we suddenly came across a magnificent view of what is known as the "sand sea." It is a vast stretch of miles of sand encircling the crater, and with Mounts Batik and Smero (the highest volcano

in Java) looming up in the background. It was a magnificent spectacle, and one of the most attractive scenes that are to be had in Java. We descended from here on to the sand sea and galloped across on to the crater. The last two hundred yards to the top of the volcano are reached by steep steps, which were put up when Prince Henry of Prussia visited Tosari, and which save a long climb round. We sat on top looking down into the crater, from which volumes of smoke were issuing, and at 8.30 set out homewards. The clouds were rising rapidly all around, and in another half hour everything would have been completely invisible. For almost the entire journey back we were in the midst of clouds, and could not see more than a few yards in front of us. Three men whom we had left at the volcano lost one of their ponies, which passed us riderless, at a gallop, half way back, and the man who lost it had to walk back.

As it was so wet and cloudy and impossible to do anything more that day, we had tiffin at the hotel and decided to ride on to Poespoe and so take some of the lengthy journey off the next day. Tosari must be a delightful place to stay in out of the rainy season, and there are many very pleasant excursions near, and plenty of tennis and amusement, though it is quite small, and there is only the one little European "community" there.

From Tosari T. had a very fiery little pony and wonderfully strong, and I had a horse, practically the

first one we had seen in Java. Though rather tired and stiff, we had an enjoyable ride, and at the end changed mounts. I took the tiny pony, which was literally off at a gallop before I had my feet in the stirrups, and did not stop until we arrived at the hotel. It was the most wonderful pony as regards strength and endurance that we ever came across. We again passed swarms of monkeys, who jumped from tree to tree, and ran along the road quite close to us. Most of them were black monkeys with long tails, but there were a few reddish brown ones, much bigger than the black specimens. There were also large numbers of tiny ones, as agile as their parents.

We spent the night at the small hotel at Poespoe, and then drove to Passoeroean in the same uncomfortable cart. It had a roof to it, which was so low that it prevented us from sitting straight, and so made one very cramped and stiff. Soerabaia was extremely hot again, of course, and it seemed difficult to believe that two such totally different climates such as we experienced at Tosari and Soerabaia could exist in the same country. We embarked again the following day on another Dutch boat, stopping at Semerang and Batavia en route for Singapore. We went for a short stroll at Tanjong Pryok, but it was so intensely hot that we soon came back.

As it was so hot on the boat, T. became quite well known for—well, never refusing a drink, and one night on the boat we had chocolate ice as sweet. They were

made in four different shapes, one of them being made like a large beer bottle. The Javanese boy quite unintentionally, but to everyone's intense delight, took it straight to T.

Large numbers of Javanese emigrants, men, women and children, boarded the ship at Batavia, most of them bound for Sumatra. They were all herded together, and it was rather a pathetic sight to see them lying on their straw mats almost on top of one another with no room to walk, but they seemed quite happy.

The Dutch are very proud of Java and of the satisfactory manner in which they govern it, and it is certainly a most delightful and interesting country. The language, which is Malay, is not difficult to learn, and is supposed to be the easiest language in existence. It is quite safe to travel all over Java alone, and both the natives and the Dutch are most anxious to do all they can to help one to see the country.

MALAY.

BEFORE arriving in Singapore, all the passengers had to parade on deck before the doctor, as Batavia and Soerabaia were both infected ports, having a certain number of cholera cases. We were told to report ourselves every afternoon at the health bureau for the next ten days, but after presenting ourselves the following day we were excused appearing again, as we showed no signs of ill health, and were leaving that evening.

We went down to the quay and embarked for Malacca on a very small boat, which was practically a cattle boat, taking a number of third class passengers, with cabins for four first class. With the exception of the captain, who was an Englishman, everyone on board was Chinese. There was one other first class passenger besides ourselves, a magistrate on his rounds. There were goats and cows on the deck round our cabin, so we sat on the small upper deck till dinner, when we joined the captain and the magistrate in the saloon (in which there was only room for one table). We all four had a long talk before going to our cabins about 11 o'clock. The cabin doors had no locks, and at about two o'clock I woke up suddenly and discovered

a Chinaman standing in my cabin, having just opened the door. I jumped out of my berth, but he was out again and had shut the door before I had time to get near him. He completely disappeared, and I went back to my berth, but did not sleep much, as I did not wish for a further visit, and could not lock the door. We arrived at Malacca at 6.30 a.m., and the magistrate very kindly took us off in his private boat. We managed to get a carriage and drive to Malacca station rest house and had breakfast. These rest houses exist all over the F.M.S., in small villages and in places where there are no hotels. One can have meals there and also stay a few nights. Malacca was very much smaller than we expected, and during the morning that we spent there we saw only two Europeans, the inhabitants being very largely Chinese. Malacca cane was quite unprocurable, and it comes chiefly from Java. We tried to get some in Malacca, but were unable to. It took us a considerable time driving about in rickshaws to discover some place where we could hire a motor car to take us to Kwala Lumpur, but we managed to get one with two chauffeurs, who took it in turns to drive, one being a Malay and the other half Malay and half Chinese. The roads were extremely good, and the car went very well, through vast rubber plantations and palm avenues, until we got several miles past Tampin, near the border of Malacca State. Then on driving round a curve we suddenly came across eight feet of the road which had fallen in, and which at this part

formed a bridge with a river underneath. We were miles from anywhere, and at this moment a tropical shower came on. We had either to go back, as there was no other road, or to make a bridge, so we decided to do the latter. There were many loose planks lying about, and so, with the help of our two Malay drivers and some Indians who happened to be passing, we set to work. Just after we had started another car came up, driven by an Englishman, who was on his way to the Seremban races. He also helped us and then suggested that we should return with him to his bungalow and have tiffin, and let the chauffeurs and Indians finish. They, however, did not seem to like the idea and said (quite untruthfully) that they could not do it unless we were there, and so, not wishing to waste time, we remained. After a good deal of trouble we got the car across, with no more damage than a broken mudguard. The owner of the other car would not risk going over, so he returned after helping us. He would have had to have returned the same way in the evening, which in the dark would have been extremely dangerous. We were delayed so long here that we had tiffin at a rest house in Seremban, and then drove on to Kwala Lumpur, arriving there at about five. We drove most of the way very fast, but had to pull up to pass innumerable bullock carts, and the latter part of the way the road was very winding.

Kwala Lumpur, the capital of Selangor, is very large, and has some very fine buildings, built in Indian style,

but we only spent one night here on the way to Ipoh. Ipoh is the capital of Perak (pronounced Peer-ah), and we came here in order to see an old school friend of mine, who was stationed there, but on arriving we found he had been moved to a village further north, twenty-four miles away. The next morning I went on by car through the jungle to his little bungalow, and spent the whole day and one night with him, recalling old times. It was intensely hot, but also very showery, and the temperature changes very rapidly, making it dangerous to Europeans unless they are extremely careful. The life C. led was typical of the Europeans out there, very hard working and, one would imagine, very lonely. He lived in his bungalow entirely alone with a Chinese "boy" to cook for him, but the latter was not allowed to sleep in the bungalow, but in the small "out house" behind. The bungalow was entirely made of wood, very roomy and comfortable. He could trust no one, and so never kept any money in the house at all, except enough to get to the nearest town, and a few stamps. There were only three Europeans within a reasonable distance, and, like himself, they also lived alone. All the inhabitants round were Malays and Chinese, chiefly the latter. He was in charge of a large tin mine, and had to be there every morning before six, coming back for breakfast at nine. Then off again until half-past twelve and then again at two, working in the boiling sun and drenching rain. Those working on the tin mine included Chinese, Malays and Klings, and he had to see

that they all did their work, and register what they did and pay them, etc. The afternoon I was there it poured with rain, and the natives got wet through, so he sent them all home early.

Near this district are some semi-savages, who are harmless, but keep to themselves and wear no clothing. They come into the village about once a week to exchange skins, etc., for food.

I left C. the next morning with regret and went by the mail train to Prai, whence one crosses to the island of Penang. We were surprised at the vast quantities of rubber in the F.M.S., more in quantity and better than that produced in Ceylon, but the climate is far more trying to Europeans.

CEYLON.

COLOMBO harbour is very large, and is always full of ships of all nations carrying, to a large extent, cargoes of tea. The chief hotel is some little way out of the town, the distance taking about twenty minutes in a rickshaw. On arriving here, we found a Tamil "boy" waiting for us. He had been sent by some friends to act as our servant while in Ceylon and India.

Colombo on mail days presents a very animated appearance, and all the streets are crowded with natives, trying to sell bits of glass as diamonds, for fabulous prices, and also with passengers off the ships. The hotel on the Galle Face is very nicely situated on the sea, and has a large swimming bath attached to it. On the night that we arrived there was a ball, as it was mail night, and nearly everyone off the ship turned up for it. The ships do not usually sail before midnight, and so enable one to dine on land.

On the Galle Face there is a long esplanade, which in the evening is always crowded with Europeans, walking and driving. The chief buildings and offices are situated near what is known as the Fort, as some years ago there was a Dutch fort there, but it is now

demolished. The most interesting part of Colombo is the Pettah, or native quarter of the town. It is inhabited by Cingalese, Tamils, Moormen, Parsis, Arabs and many others, all of whom can be distinguished from the manner in which they dress and wear their hair. There are masses of tiny little native shops along the streets in this quarter, and they are known as boutiques, a remnant of the Portuguese occupation. There are many signs of the Portuguese occupation, especially in the large numbers of names, such as de Silva, in which Ceylon abounds. These people are as a general rule descendants of various Portuguese settlers.

There are many tiny little carriages in Colombo, drawn by a single bullock, which can trot very fast and keep up the pace for a considerable distance.

The Cingalese can always be distinguished by the round combs in their hair, and by the fact that they wear sarongs. The Tamil women are covered with necklaces, bangles, toe rings, gold buttons in their noses, and numbers of earrings, making the lobe of the ear stretch many inches.

The crows in Colombo are very numerous, and are a great nuisance. They are very tame and swarm outside the windows. When ladies have left jewellery, or anything that glitters, in their rooms, the crows have often been known to fly in, pick up the article in their beaks, and fly away with it.

There are many European schools for native boys



TEMPLE OF
THE TOOTH,
KANDY.

in Colombo, and St. Joseph's College has over one thousand one hundred pupils, mostly day boys. The buildings are extremely healthy, and large, and there are large grounds attached to the school. From the top of the town a very fine view can be obtained. The whole of Colombo seems to have disappeared, and nothing is visible but the lake below and miles of palm trees all around.

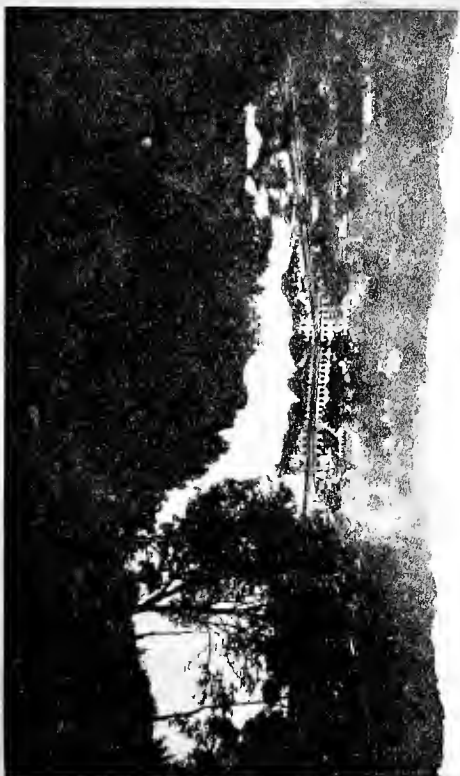
The scenery from the train between Colombo and Kandy is beautiful, through enormous thickly wooded valleys covered with palms, rubber and tea, and surrounded by the mountains. It is said that a tribe of wild monkeys could go from the north to the south of Ceylon without once touching the ground. The curves are very great at times, and remind one of the Rockies in their abruptness. At Polgawhela another engine was put on for the rest of the way, owing to the steep incline. Here we got into the refreshment car for breakfast, and had to remain there until reaching the next stopping place, after we had finished, as there was no corridor in the train. From the window there is an excellent view of Adam's Peak, which is 7,260 feet in height, and which vast numbers of pilgrims of all creeds visit. There is a footprint on the top of the mountain, which by Buddhists is said to be that of Buddha, by Hindus that of Siva, and by Mahommettans that of Adam (who stood on one foot there for a penance) ! There are supposed to be some Christians who believe it to be the footprint of St. Thomas, but they are not

a very vast number. But these varying beliefs tend to make it a popular place of pilgrimage.

There are a large number of Christians in Ceylon, the majority being Roman Catholics, chiefly Cingalese and Tamil. There are, therefore, many churches there, well built and pleasant looking from the outside, but inside full of gaudy pictures and badly carved statues, and rather dilapidated in appearance. Even the imposing Cathedral in Colombo is no exception to this. One wonders why this is the case, as the missionaries are most energetic all over the country and have large congregations. They are poor, certainly, but poverty need not necessarily mean gaudiness.

There are several very good hotels in Kandy, and the one we went to was most comfortable, with very good rooms. In India and Ceylon there are always vast numbers of "boys" in the corridors and outside all the rooms, as private servants always squat outside their masters' doors. It is, therefore, always necessary to lock one's door on going out. Our own boy we found completely honest. We never missed the smallest thing, and always left him in charge of our rooms when we went out. He was a most capable servant and became very attached to us, and always looked after our interests everywhere. He spoke very fair English and proved himself extremely useful. So many tourists allow their servants and boys to become familiar, which utterly ruins them and, in addition, makes them look down on those whom they

FANDY.



are serving. If they are treated firmly, and at the same time kindly, they make excellent servants and become quite attached to one.

Kandy is one of the beauty spots of the world and, though not very ancient, has passed through many vicissitudes. It was the stronghold of the Kings of Kandy, who had to contend with first the Portuguese, then the Dutch, and finally the British. The Kings of Kandy were generally most tyrannical monarchs, and the British only procured possession after much bloodshed and after failing in their more peaceful attempts.

In the middle of the lake in Kandy is a small island, where the King used to keep his wives. The lake itself enhances the beauty of Kandy, and lies between the town and the thickly wooded hills, from where one can sit and obtain one of the most beautiful views in Ceylon.

Kandy contains the famous Temple of the Tooth, in which is said to be a tooth of Buddha. At the entrance there is a moat, in which there are large numbers of fish and tortoises. Inside there is a Buddhist's hell, with pictures of untold suffering, and all the occupants of hell seem to be women !

The tooth itself cannot be seen, but is enclosed in numerous closets and caskets covered with jewels. The original tooth is said to have been ground to dust by the Portuguese, and to have miraculously come together again. It is, however, very large and looks far more like a crocodile's.

The present one is worshipped by thousands of

Buddhists. There are many statues in the temple, including one full-length statue of Buddha asleep, with his eyes open. Behind the temple is the audience hall of the Kings of Kandy, a room covered with carved teak wood and now used as a court of justice. The whole temple is very interesting, but the beggars and natives inside the temple pestering for money are a scandal, and though the Government periodically try to stop it, it does not seem to have the least effect.

From Kandy we decided to go for a trip through the jungle to Anuradhapura, one of the famous buried cities of Ceylon (and the oldest), which were discovered some fifty years ago. We left Kandy by motor car at seven a.m., and took our boy with us also. We stopped for a short time at Matale, and went into a small native school and listened to the boys being taught by a Cingalese. We motored on again to Dambulla, where we had breakfast at a rest house, and the remainder of the way to Anuradhapura was through the jungle. We went slightly off our way in order to pay a visit to Sigiri, where there is an enormous rock rising right out of the jungle. It was formerly used as a palace by a tyrannical king, who had to flee from his own district. It is not possible to imagine a stronger fortification, and even now access to the summit is difficult. The first part of the ascent consists of steep climbing, then several hundred steps very well engineered, followed by extremely narrow iron steps, and then another steep



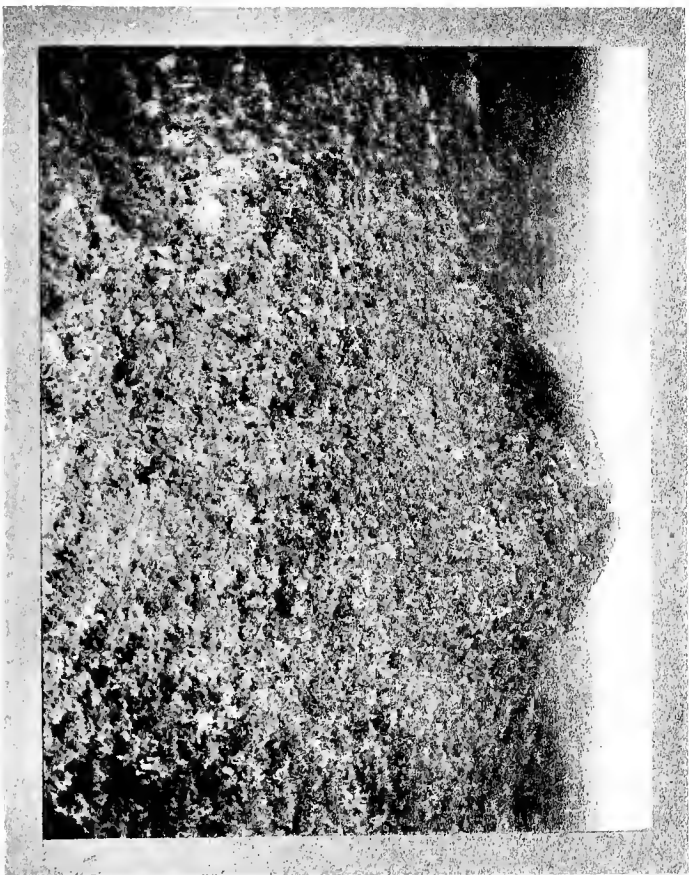
BUDDHIST PRIESTS AT ROCK TEMPLE.

climb, looking straight down to the valley far below, with merely indentures in the rock, and an iron rail to hold on by. We went up to the top, and after the climb in the boiling tropical sun we felt we had never been so hot before. Once up, however, the view was excellent, miles and miles of jungle all around us, in which were elephants, deer, wild pigs, leopards, snakes, monkeys and bears. The accompanying photograph was taken from the top and shows the vast and thickly wooded jungle.

We did not see any wild animals (beyond monkeys, and our car going over a huge cobra), as they keep off the roads during the day, coming into the village often at night. We saw many beautiful birds, including a number of very pretty green ones with yellow wings, and large light blue ones with dark blue wings, and also several hawks, herons and kingfishers, and a jungle fowl of several colours. A feature of the drive was the extraordinary number of bullocks on the roads, some tied together, but always alone and usually wallowing in very dirty water. They were often miles from any village or habitation, and one wondered to whom they belonged. There were vast clouds of butterflies in the jungle, settling on the roads and rising as our car came upon them, literally making it difficult to see in front of the car for the moment. The roads were very good, and though it was extremely hot, it commenced to pour with rain about twenty miles from Anuradhapura, and continued until we arrived about four p.m.

The following morning at seven o'clock we drove off to see the dagobas and ruins in the ancient city. Anuradhapura contains many dagobas (relic resting places), where Buddha's nail parings and collar bone are said to be, and also many old statues of Buddha. The tooth was originally here, before being removed to Kandy. There are many remains of the old palaces, in the shape of hundreds of stone pillars, the King's bath and his bath for elephants. There are also many long stone "canoes," said by some to have been used for feeding pilgrims, and by others for making the dye for the priests' yellow robes. At the foot of one temple is a carved moonstone step in a perfect state of preservation. Every detail is perfect, the elephants, bullocks, lions and geese. It is impossible to believe that this was buried, and covered with forest and bush, together with the rest of the city, and existed before Rome was founded. At the Temple of the Rock we took a photograph of the chief priest and his assistant, clad in their yellow robes, and the former produced from under his robes a card printed in English, and asked for a photograph to be sent to him.

One of the most interesting sights in Anuradhapura is the sacred Bo-tree and temple. The former is said to be the oldest historical tree in the world. It has been venerated by Buddhists for two thousand two hundred years, and has grown from a cutting of a tree in India under which Buddha was enlightened. It is in the centre of the temple grounds and enclosed



VIEW OF
JUNGLE FROM
TOP OF
SIGIRI ROCK.

with railings. Large numbers of monkeys from the jungle come all over the temple and tree in the day time, as once in these precincts they are considered sacred and the natives feed them. There are also several large Buddhas here, including the oldest one on the island, which is as old as the tree itself.

We went to see the private collection of snakes and crocodiles belonging to a Scotchman, who had collected them from the district round about. He had many different species, some harmless and some very dangerous, including some large pythons in a room by themselves. The crocodiles were all very small and they take many years to grow to any size.

After tiffin we drove the whole way back to Kandy, stopping only at Matale, to cool the engine and have tea at a rest house. Here there were several tame "mynahs," which flew in and out of doors and on the table for bread. They are jet black, except for their yellow wings, and have fan tails. They are very common in Ceylon and India, and talk and are easily tamed, and so are popular pets. One morning in Kandy we went for a drive, and came across a number of elephants being washed in the river after their day's work. We fed them with bananas, and one ate about thirty, skin and all, but another one would not eat any, and on asking the reason we were told that a European lady had given him a peppermint some time before, and it had made him ill, so that he would now take nothing from strangers. After being washed they were allowed

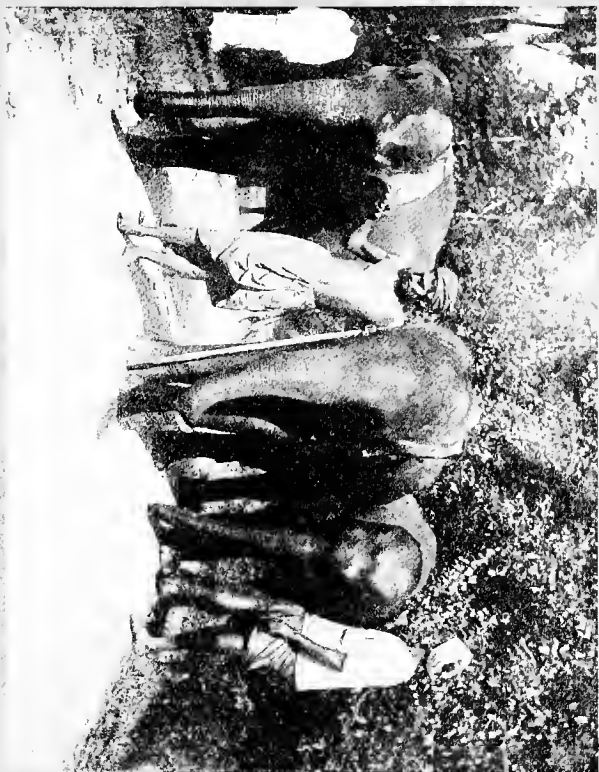
to go loose into the jungle for the night, which one imagines would make them wild again, but they do not become so.

The botanical gardens at Perdeniya, which is a short drive from Kandy, are very fine. They are on the banks of the largest river in Ceylon and contain large quantities of giant bamboo. There were hundreds of flying foxes there, hanging upside down on the trees.

One evening there was a great Buddhist procession at the Temple of the Tooth, and though too late to see the actual procession, we saw the elephants coming away. The elephant that carries the shrine is a colossal beast, and fifty years old. He was the most enormous elephant we ever saw, and it seemed difficult to believe that one man could possibly control such an animal. We gave him some bananas, but he liked to have them put in his mouth, and not have the bother of putting them in himself with his trunk.

One morning early we left by motor car for Newara Eliya (pronounced Newralia), which is 6,200 feet above the sea. The road from Kandy consists of steep right angle turns the whole way. All along the sides of the mountains were tea plantations with masses of Tamils plucking the tea. Several of the Tamils had their babies slung up in the trees, while they worked. We did not pass a single car or carriage, but many bullock carts, and no habitation but small native huts, with now and then a tea factory.

Round this district there are a few villages inhabited



ELEPHANTS
NEAR KANDY.

by a tribe called Rodiyas. They have always been considered outcasts, as one of their tribe gave a King of Kandy human flesh to eat instead of meat, out of revenge. They were ever afterwards looked on as polluted, and were never allowed to wear any clothes above the waist, as part of their punishment. They are, of course, under no legal disability now, but are still looked down upon and keep to themselves.

Newara Eliya seems entirely cut off from the rest of the world, and one wonders how it got there. It possesses one of the finest golf links in the East, and is the Tosari of Ceylon. We found it very cold after Kandy, although Kandy itself is in the hills. Returning from Newara Eliya after tiffin, we hardly ran the engine for five minutes in the first two hours, which shows the steepness of the descent, and one could not go fast owing to the corners.

We went to one cinematograph in Kandy in order to see what the natives thought of it. It was packed with Tamils, Malays and Cingalese, men, women and children. There were one or two very good films, such as the Balkan War, but they did not care for them. They much preferred the European-making-a-fool-of-himself-film, and clapped and shrieked when these were put on.

There are many very pretty and interesting rickshaw drives round Kandy, most of them named after the wives of different Governors. It is a very healthy spot, and though by no means cold, it is not too hot.

It is a delightful place to stay in, with endless excursions in the neighbourhood.

We spent one night in Colombo again before embarking on a British boat for Tuticorin. On the boat we met a Mr. S., who later had dinner with us, and who was returning home to Delhi, where he lived. It is nearly always very rough between Colombo and Tuticorin, and this journey proved to be no exception. The next morning we had three quarters of an hour on a small tender, which rolled and pitched the whole time, with the waves coming over the sides, so we were very glad to arrive on Indian soil.

INDIA.

FROM Tuticorin we took the train straight to Madras, which is a journey of about eighteen hours. The Indian trains are very comfortable, and we had a fair-sized compartment containing two seats, which at night made into a berth, a washstand, and another berth, which could be let down at night. We took almost all our luggage in the compartment with us, as it is the custom in India, and one seldom sees any luggage in the van. One also has to travel about with bed-clothes and a "resai," or narrow mattress, as they are not provided in the trains, but are very necessary. This tends to increase the luggage enormously.

Formerly there were frequent train robberies at night—the thieves stealing along the whole length of the train on the footboard, and very often committing violence. Footboards have now been restricted to the carriage doors only on most of the trains, so that robberies do not occur often.

Mr. S., who came with us as far as Madras, very kindly asked us to stay with him when we went to Delhi.

We stayed for a few days in Madras with a friend, who had a large bungalow, situated in what is known in

India as a "compound." It was a typical Indian bungalow, where he lived alone, except for an army of Indian servants. It contained two very fine and large hard tennis courts, but it was not possible to play till about half-past-four owing to the heat, and after about an hour and a half the light and mosquitos became very bad. The Indian courts are very fast—and so very good tennis is always played.

Madras contains two or three excellent clubs, and large European shops, standing in their own grounds, and also an aquarium, all the fish in it being local specimens. The Adyar Club is situated on the banks of the Adyar, and has a golf course, tennis courts and a ball room, and is built in Indian style.

All the roads and compounds swarm with squirrels, but they are not as pretty as the English ones, and look more like mice with long tails. They very often destroy the chic-blinds, and even come into the house.

The Indian servants are as a general rule honest enough with the belongings of their own masters, but cannot be trusted beyond that, and where they are looking after bachelors they often overcharge the accounts. Our friend told us a good story of a bachelor friend of his, who, on looking on one occasion at his daily account, realised, even with *his* little knowledge of house-keeping, that the amount was enormous, so he called his secretary and sent him to buy every possible item of food for the amount specified. He then had all this food laid out on a table and sent for every servant

in the compound, and when they had all collected, simply pointed to the table and said "This is what the cook says I eat every day." They never again attempted to swindle him so badly.

Madras covers an enormous area, and the stations are a long way off. From the bungalow where we were staying, it took two hours for the luggage to be taken by bullock cart to the station. The lights in Madras are very bad, and without powerful lamps motoring in the evening would be extremely dangerous.

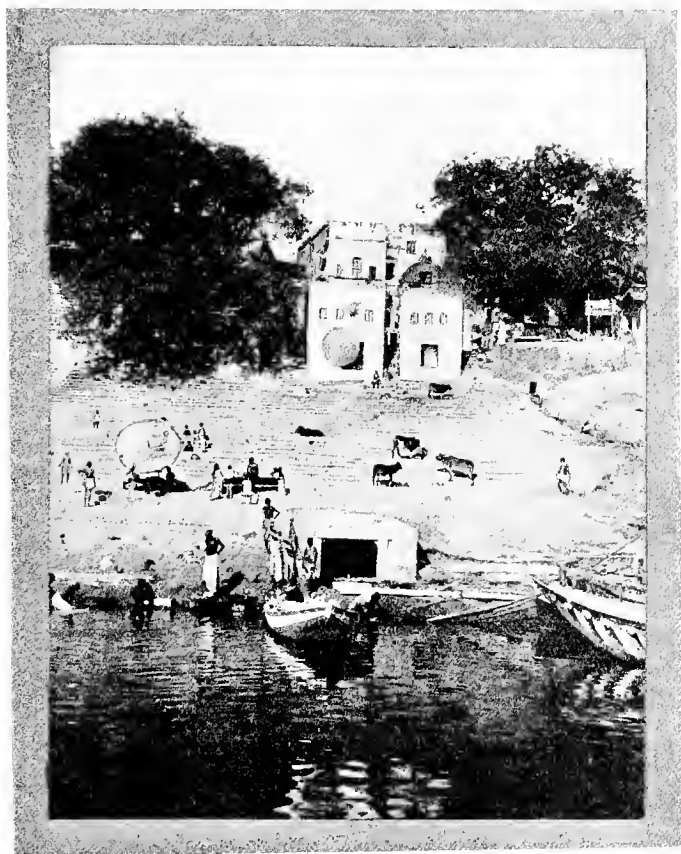
The train journey from Madras to Calcutta takes two nights and a day, and we had a compartment for six people to ourselves. For some reason or other, except for the first evening, no restaurant car was attached (perhaps because of the comparatively few Europeans travelling), and so we had to leave our "boy" in charge of the compartment and rush through every meal in about ten minutes at some station.

Calcutta, though no longer the capital, is still a very gay place, full of European life and amusements. We were kindly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. F., to whom we had an introduction, and who motored us all round Calcutta. One afternoon we had tea at the Tollygunge golf club, which must be a great boon to Calcutta residents. They are excellent links, with very good grass and croquet and tennis lawns, and with a small race course. The latter is very popular on Sundays, when many go for rides into the jungle and end up round

the course. We came back by the Red Drive and the Strand, both of which were packed with carriages of all sorts, and after dusk went to the "Saturday Club," which is a mixed club and full of smartly dressed ladies, with no lack of men, and with the Black Watch band playing on the lawn.

The British population in Calcutta is very large, and they seem to have an extremely sociable time, especially at Christmas, after which everyone rushes off to the hills. There are, of course, very many more men than women in India, and one lady told us that she had forty bachelors on her "list," whom she had to ask to play tennis and dine occasionally, and only one tennis court. One couple, who were having tea and who were newly married, were pointed out to us as almost always dancing together, and even when they did not the husband insisted on sitting out with her and her partner.

There is not much of the Black Hole to be seen now, as the General Post Office is built over part of it, but the remaining part is railed off. It seems incredible that so many people should have been put into it and *any* come out alive, in Indian heat and from such a small space. There is a monument close by, put up by Lord Curzon, with as many of the names of the sufferers as he could collect. The native bazaar in Calcutta is interesting, and every conceivable article can be bought there, the prices depending on how long one stops to bargain, and is well patronized by all shades of Europeans.



GHAT ON GANGES.

There is quite a large theatre in Calcutta, and some good companies visit it, the "Count of Luxembourg" and the "Girl in the Train" being on while we were there. There were hardly any natives at all in the theatre, it being entirely packed with Europeans.

One morning we went down the Hoogly River about fourteen miles in a private launch in order to see over a jute mill. On the way we passed the dwelling of the King of Oudh after he had been banished by the British. We were shown all over the mill by the manager, a Scotchman, who was most courteous to us. Outside the latter's house there is a tree, round which a strong chain was fixed to a boat eighteen years ago. The chain is still there, but very little can be seen, as the tree has grown completely round it. We were shown all the various stages of the jute, and different qualities, and the various processes of tying the finished article. The workers, about 10,000 in two mills, are chiefly Tamil women, most of them covered in jewels. Many of them had their babies with them, tiny little brown things asleep in odd corners on bits of straw; several we very nearly trod on. We were also shown their "smoking room" and "coffee stall"—words, however, that have a different meaning to Europeans. We asked the manager how these women managed to have so much silver, etc., and he said they saved up—some of them earning as much as 4 rs. (5s. 4d.) a week, and that many of them existed on 12 annas (1s.) a week. We passed through the village and saw the old churchyard, with a dozen

graves of Lancashire girl mill hands, who came out sixty years ago when the mills were started.

Everyone in Calcutta, especially Mr. and Mrs. S., were most kind and hospitable, and could not do enough for us. We left Calcutta by night for Benares, and found the night journey very cold indeed, although it was so hot in the day time. We foolishly placed one trunk in the van for this journey, and on getting it out at Benares found it hardly recognisable, having to get some cord before being able to move it. Luggage, if not taken in the carriage, gets more knocked about in India than in any other place in the world.

Benares has a very vast native population, chiefly due to the fact that it is the "Holy City" of the Hindus, of whom at least a million a year come as pilgrims. There is not one European shop in the town, but many large native ones. Brass work is the chief industry, and every native in the streets seems to carry a brass pot of some description. The work is not nearly as fine as it used to be, though it is still carried on on a very large scale.

The European quarter, which is called the Cantonment, consists of a small military garrison, two or three hotels and churches, and a Hindu college run by Annie Besant.

One temple in Benares is known to Europeans as the Monkey Temple, because of the enormous numbers of monkeys that are allowed to wander about, mixed up with goats, cows and dogs. Close to this temple are several private ones belonging to various Maharajas,

all of whom have to make a pilgrimage here once a lifetime, and most of them have palaces of some sort there. Over the burial place of some "holy man" who lived here is erected a very fine marble temple.

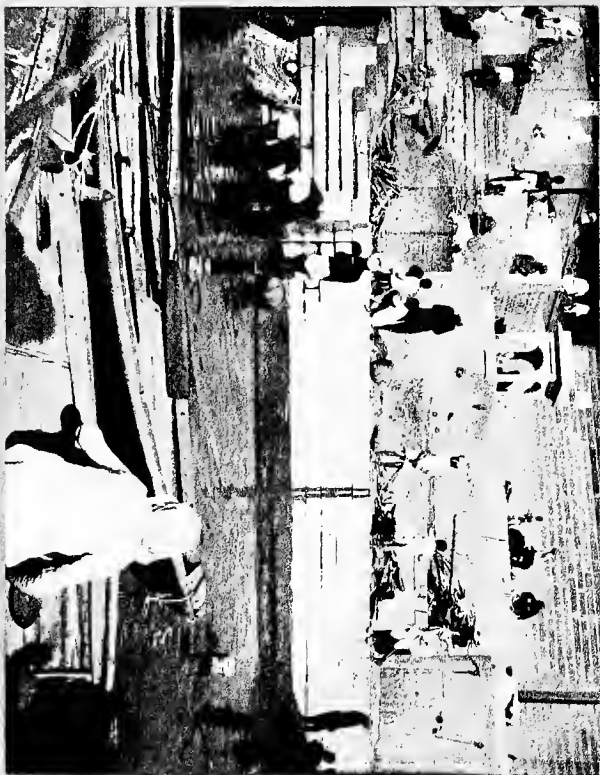
We also saw the golden temple, and went into several others (as far as one is allowed into a Hindu temple), through small, dirty, narrow streets, full of Hindus praying and taking religious exercise. We went into several native shops, and on returning were informed that there was a great deal of plague amongst the natives—the mortality being very bad.

After dinner every night a native juggler would come and perform his tricks on the verandah, squatting within three feet of his audience. His tricks were very clever indeed, and, considering how close we were to him, were nothing short of marvellous. The only one that we were really disappointed in was the mango tree—a trick that one hears so much about over here. He did this for us privately outside our rooms, and he himself owned that he had many better. It seemed to be pure sleight of hand. We also asked him about the trick in which a man is supposed to climb a rope and disappear. He said that it was the invention of Europeans and was never done in India. It may have been because he could not do it himself, but I do not think so, and we never met anyone who had seen it done.

One afternoon we went in a boat a short way down the Ganges to see the Maharaja of Benares' palace, which is across the river. On presenting cards the Maharaja

will allow Europeans to go over the palace. In front of the entrance is a large cage in which was a magnificent tiger which he had caught some twenty miles away. It was a very fine specimen, extremely ferocious, and his eyes flashed with anger. The Maharaja has about 200 soldiers, many of them stationed about the palace with rifles. The dining room of the palace is a large room with a magnificent table inlaid with silver in the centre, and paintings of all the present Indian princes round the walls. The "drawing room" also is very fine, and contains a beautifully worked sandal wood box, and some carved ivory flowers, which were particularly striking. It also contained a large leopard skin, belonging to an animal he had shot in the vicinity, and a very good signed photograph, in a massive frame, of the King and Queen in their Durbar robes. I remarked to T. that the latter was extremely dirty; someone overheard it, and a crimson servant was immediately sent to clean it.

One room in the palace is known as the "jungle room." It is a small square room with the four walls completely painted over with trees and jungle birds, of which the latter are beautiful. The present Maharaja was made a ruling chief by the King Emperor when he went over for the Durbar. We noticed that the Maharaja's wife never appeared in the numerous photographs in the palace, which included the King and Queen and the Maharaja, and were told that she never appeared in public, even if the Queen were there.



BURNING GHAT
AT BENARES.

One morning we drove down to the Ganges about seven o'clock, in order to see the thousands of Hindus washing in the river at all the "ghats." It is a wonderful spectacle to go slowly down in a small boat and watch them bathing, washing, praying and exercising themselves. There are many temples along the side, close to the Rajahs' palaces, and the ghats are really steps leading into the water. One could see the different marks on their foreheads and cords round their necks to distinguish their caste.

There are many burning ghats along the river, where the Hindus burn their dead after having first washed them in the river. As enormous numbers of them die from cholera and plague, and then are washed in the same water that the others bathe in and drink, one can hardly help being surprised at the amount of disease that spreads. The Hindus look on the Ganges as holy, and therefore say the diseases cannot come from that. Many people when they hear this say, "Shocking! Why don't the Government stop it?" Such a thing would be utterly impossible and cause an immediate revolution.

Our boat stopped in front of one of these burning ghats, where three bodies were about to be burned. One was already on the pyre, and one was being washed just in front of us by the Hindus. A woman came down, and, standing next to the body that was being washed, placed her brass pot in the water, filled it and went away. It was a horrible sight, and we came away before

they set fire to them. What the Hindus think of Europeans who go there merely to see their relatives being burnt, I do not know, but we left three ladies and four men waiting for this experience before coming back to breakfast.

One afternoon we drove in the only car in Benares to Sarnath, which is the ancient Benares, and is not far from the present city. Though they are all Hindus round this part of India now, Sarnath is visited by thousands of Buddhists, as it contains the mound on which Buddha preached his first sermon. There are many ruins round about, but very little of any size. We had considerable difficulty in getting about the streets in the car, as the natives seemed particularly deaf, and we got mixed up with two bullock carts and upset large numbers of brass pots into the road.

The day before we left Benares, a snake charmer came up to the hotel, but as a general rule they are not very proficient, unless one happens to come across a really good one. This old native had two cobras, several green snakes, a python, many small ones, and a small crocodile and a scorpion, all of which he carried with him in two baskets hanging at each end of a bamboo pole across his shoulders. The cobras and python he kept in small pots with linen lids, which he made them get into. Snakes are often found in the compounds in India, and one officer told me that some time ago he had been unwell and was sitting outside his bungalow with several other officers, when his "saice" rushed up

and said he had seen a large python in the grass near by. There was a snake charmer in the village, should he fetch him and get him to catch it? He was told to do so and came back with the snake charmer, who started to play on his flute near where the snake had been seen. It soon appeared, and he gradually got it into his basket. He then said that the female must be somewhere in the vicinity also, and he would try and find it. He went on playing, and, sure enough, it appeared. He became reckless and went too near and got bitten. The officers picked him up and saw the bite on his hand and poured some brandy down his throat. After this he seemed to recover very quickly and asked for more, when it suddenly dawned on them that it was all pre-arranged by the natives, in the hope of getting some money, and the snakes belonged to the snake charmer, who had removed their fangs and let them loose in the compound.

On leaving the Benares station for Lucknow, large numbers of coolies pretended to have looked after our luggage in the hopes of getting "backsheesh," so we gave one of them a coin, saying "Divide it," and they were still squabbling amongst themselves when the train left.

Lucknow is, of course, full of historical interest, and contains relics of all kinds of the mutiny. So many books have been written describing the siege and the position of the various buildings, that it seems unnecessary to say much about it, but it is difficult to

realise the terrible scenes of the mutiny without having seen Lucknow.

We first went to the Secunderbad, which was held by the mutineers, and afterwards breached by the British. It was pierced by cannon balls, and there are several graves around—on what was then the plain. The chief centre of the siege was the Residency, with the important buildings round about it. One can go all over it, into the rooms where the women and children and wounded were placed, and see the spots where various officers and others had been killed.

In one room in the Residency there is a model of Lucknow as it was during the siege, and the whole episode was most interestingly explained to us by an old soldier, who knew every detail. The banqueting hall, which was used as a hospital, is close to the Residency, and, like the rest, pierced with cannon balls.

There is an old palace of the King of Oudh in Lucknow, very prettily situated, with an old bathing pond in front. It is now known as the picture gallery, because it has a few pictures in one of the rooms. There are many mutiny monuments in Lucknow, including a large one over General Havelock's tomb.

Cawnpore is only a little over an hour's journey from Lucknow, and so we spent a day there on the way to Agra. Small pillars are placed all over the entrenchment ground, where various houses stood, and one can see the well into which all the bodies of the women and



SCENE OF BUDDHA'S FIRST SERMON, SARNATH.
RESIDENCY AT LUCKNOW.

children were thrown after being massacred, and also the only well from which water could be drawn.

We were shown over the Memorial Church by one of the soldiers stationed at Cawnpore. It is a very fine church, full of memorial tablets of all sorts, and with the name of everyone of the thousand odd who were killed. There are one or two very striking epitaphs in the church.

We arrived in Agra at about half-past-eleven p.m., so we just got a glimpse of the Taj Mahal by moonlight. There are several different opinions as to the exact reason why the Monarch Shah Jhan built this magnificent edifice. It is the burial place of his much beloved wife, Mumtaz Mahal. He was completely devoted to her, and on her death became heartbroken and raised this gorgeous building over her tomb. He sent for artists, architects and masons from many countries outside his own, and paid them handsomely. The jewels and mosaics alone, apart from any of the work or marble, are priceless.

The entrance to the Taj is through an enormous gateway of red sandstone, with many marble pillars on it, and which itself is beautiful. Then comes the Taj garden with fountains all down the centre on a marble platform in the middle, leading to the Taj itself. The latter is a mass of wonderful white marble, carved and plain and inlaid with jewels of all kinds, numbering many thousands. The echo inside is perfect, and one would like to hear the effect of a good choir singing in

the main hall. It is below this centre hall that the bodies of Mumtaz Mahal and Shah Jhan are resting underneath vast white marble tombs inlaid with jewels. Over them hangs a very fine lamp, presented by Lord Curzon, who seems to have done a great deal to improve art of all kinds in India.

The mausoleum consists of one large central hall with small rooms—covered with fine carvings and jewels forming flowers—leading into one another all round. Outside the Taj are four marble towers, from the top of which one can get a very fine view of the vast dome of the temple. On either side are two large red sandstone buildings of very fine architecture, one a mosque and the other a large hall. But the beauty of all is overshadowed by the Taj. One has to visit it many times in order to appreciate it fully, and there is no finer sight imaginable than this vast mausoleum by moonlight.

The fort at Agra is very vast, and contains many of the principal sights of the city. It is of red sandstone and looks impregnable, and has a narrow moat encircling it. It is more than five hundred years old, not having been originally built by the British. The Pearl Mosque, which is inside the fort, is another marble building of great beauty, and close by is the Jessamine Palace, where the Sultana lived, and also the magnificent baths of the Maharaja and his wife.

The guides in the buildings inside the fort are required to have special licenses, and a strict hold has been kept

over them since the mutiny. We had a very capable one, extremely full of his own importance. He told us he was recognised as the best guide there, and that it was lucky he was not engaged, and that he spoke English better than any other guide. We took it all in, and, having bought something in the fort, we pretended we had no change. He immediately offered to pay for it, which we let him do, and then told him that, with all his qualities, he was evidently a very rich man, which quite upset him and silenced him talking about himself, as he thought we would not give him anything. After this every now and then, in the middle of a description of some room or mosque, he would place his hands in front of his mouth and say he was not rich, that the Sahibs misjudged him and that he was very poor, which caused us intense delight after the way he had been talking.

The fort was full of natives selling models of the Taj, brassware, and native articles, asking, of course, the most impossible prices. There is no doubt at all that a certain type of American is the chief cause of this, as they treat the natives in a familiar manner and talk "in dollars." The following incident actually happened to me in the fort. I saw a small shield made of buck horn, similar to one I had wanted. I asked the price. "Eight rupees, Sahib," came the answer. I did not say anything, but merely showed disgust. Our guide then said to the other native, "The Sahib is not an American." "Four rupees then," came the answer

immediately. As a matter of fact I actually got it for two in the end.

I do not wish to cast aspersions on the American nation as a whole—the charm of the American women speaks for itself—but it is to the attitude of the American men who travel in the East that one has so much to complain of.

On leaving Agra for Delhi, we got into one of the slowest trains we were ever in, due to a mistake on the hotel manager's part, and though we left at ten o'clock, we did not arrive at Delhi till after seven, having been unable to get any food since half-past eight that morning. Delhi was crowded with European soldiers, native princes and their retinue, and European civilians, owing to the state entry of the Viceroy proclaiming Delhi the capital, which was to take place the next day.

The following morning we walked a long way across the crowded town to some stands erected by the municipality for Europeans, in order to watch the procession. We took some sandwiches with us, as we did not know how long we might have to wait, and though our guide was most polite and did everything for us, he asked to be excused from carrying them, as he was a Hindu, and they were unclean. We were close to the gates of the fort and waited till after one, thinking the procession would never appear. Thousands of natives were all around in bright colours, the school children looking very picturesque in their different coloured



INDIAN
SNAKE
CHARMER.

turbans. The streets were lined with native soldiers. About twelve o'clock we heard one loud report, but imagined it to be a gun. After an hour or so some mounted soldiers appeared with a band, then a native regiment, followed by the Imperial Cadet Corps in blue and white. This corps consists of Indian princes and their sons, and has a very pretty uniform. Only about twenty elephants passed, which surprised everyone, as there were supposed to be about fifty, with Lord and Lady Hardinge on one enormous one. Two governors (Bengal and Punjab) passed, and several other Europeans and their wives, and we imagined we had missed the Viceroy amongst all the others. On driving back in a tonga (a native carriage in use in Delhi), we were overtaken by Mr. T., whom we had met coming from Ceylon. Holding an official position, he had been in the fort and told us the appalling news that a bomb had been thrown at the Viceroy, and the Durbar had not been held at all. After having tiffin at the hotel, we went out for a short stroll and found the streets placarded with notices offering 3,000 rs. reward for information with regard to the outrage, from which we gathered that the assailants had not been arrested.

It was a most miraculous escape from death for both Lord and Lady Hardinge. The bomb was thrown right across Lady Hardinge, and exploded without hurting her, although the native holding the fan over her was blown to pieces. Everyone, including the

natives, was astonished that the elephant did not run wild. The Viceroy was quickly taken away in a motor car, and the procession continued, to outward appearances as though nothing had happened, though the Viceroy was very badly injured. One cannot help thinking that the British prestige must have well lived up to its name amongst the natives on this occasion, and even a very fine display of fireworks took place by the express wish of the Viceroy the same evening, though he himself could not have known if he would have lived.

We drove with Mr. S. in the evening to King Edward's Gardens, where the display was to take place, and the scenes in the streets were unique. It was believed that the bomb had been thrown from near the Bengal Bank, and everyone in the whole block of buildings round it had been surrounded by soldiers and policemen. Over ten thousand natives were shut in and had to remain exactly as they were when the procession went past. There were police and soldiers on all sides, and all over the roofs, and thousands of natives had come to see the spot from where the bomb had been thrown.

We had seats in the enclosure, which soon became full, and at half-past-six the fireworks commenced. There were over ninety devices, including fire portraits of the King and Queen, and of the Viceroy and Lady Hardinge. When the latter portraits appeared, some officers in the enclosure proposed three cheers for the Viceroy, which were heartily given. The display ended

with five hundred rockets being sent up together, and then one hundred and one as a salute to the King. For miles round a continued buzz and clamour from the vast multitude of Indians could be heard, and the whole city was lit up. The following day all the shops closed "to show their horror and indignation at the dastardly outrage committed on the Viceroy."

There are many interesting relics of the Mutiny close to the main street in Delhi. There is the Cashmere gate, through which the main road now goes, and which was formerly blown through by the British. A little further on, going into the city, is a very lifelike statue of Sir John Nicholson, and on the opposite side is St. James's Anglican Church. In the garden is a large ball and cross which during the mutiny was on top of the church. It was pierced through and through with bullets, but the mutineers never brought it down. It was taken down later, and a new one put up. Not far from here is a monument put up by Lord Curzon to those who sent the last telegram in the siege, and a few feet further on is a tablet to those who blew up the arsenal, and the majority of themselves with it, rather than let it fall into the enemy's hands. Many of those who go to Delhi do not know that just off the road is an old cemetery, almost all the graves of which were desecrated by the rebels, and the names rubbed off. A monument has been placed here with a really fine inscription on it, but in such fantastic letters that it is impossible to read it.

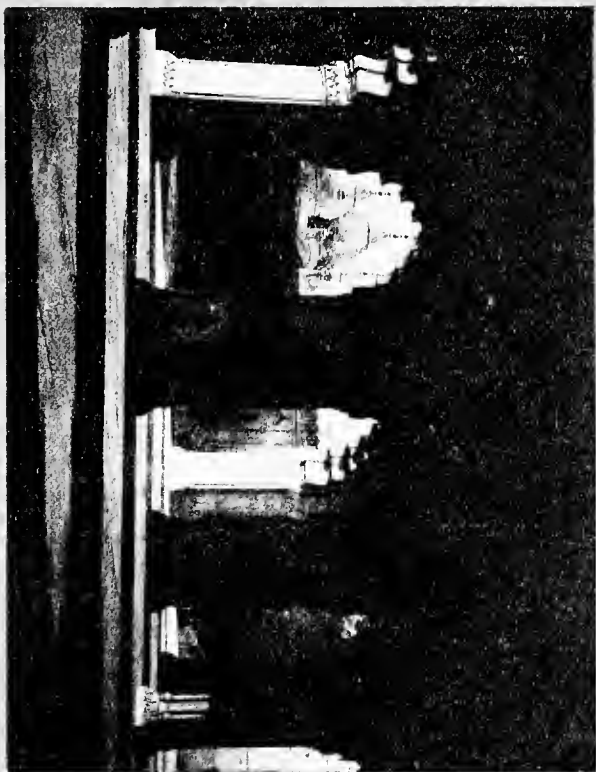
The whole place was deserted when we went there, except for three old Tamil women who were having a meal by one of the graves.

One afternoon we went to the Jama Musjid, the chief Mahommettan temple in Delhi, with Mr. S. It is a magnificent building with four minarets, and a very broad courtyard in the middle. We stayed on top of the roof for over half an hour watching the life below, and noting all the principal places in Delhi. The houses are very flat, so that in hot weather it is possible to live on top of them, though in the rainy season many fall down. It is strange how all the rich and poor live in the same quarter, and very often the poor live below, and the rich on the upper story, thus having a very mean entrance to their abode. In all the Indian towns the best native shops are in filthy quarters, with narrow low stairs and no light.

There is a specimen of sheep called the Aden sheep, which are found at Delhi, and are used more as pets than beasts for food. They have very broad and heavy woollen tails which flap from side to side as they walk. We saw several of them from the roof, following their masters.

At sunset we watched crowds of Mahommettans praying in the courtyard below. Each man had a small space allotted to him, and was turned towards Mecca. On coming down Mr. S. was accosted by two imposing looking Mahommettans in enormous fur coats. One was a very wealthy resident, and the other

VIEW FROM
DIWAN-I-KHAS,
DELHI.



a doctor. A large crowd surrounded us, and then it was announced that someone was about to preach. Hundreds of natives immediately squatted down, and a "high priest" got into the pulpit. He preached in Hindustani, and Mr. S. translated it for us. He deplored the bomb outrage, saying it could not be a Delhi person, that their women and children were mourning, that a day of fast had been proclaimed for it, and that the Viceroy had been kindness itself to them, to which they all answered "Amen," which seemed strange in such surroundings. Anyone hearing this would have imagined that Britain could not possess a more loyal country than India, and I remarked this to Mr. S. He said he wished he could believe it, but that living so long in India had made him suspicious of everything. They might mean it—and he really thought they did—but he always had a lurking suspicion behind everything he heard.

He, like everyone else we met in India, and who made it their home, deplored the making of India a party question, and said it was utterly wrong. The Indians do not understand party system, and never will. They are accustomed to an autocratic government and prefer it, and it is the greatest mistake to try and treat the natives in the same way in which the lower classes in England are treated.

We were both unwell on Christmas day, owing to our having been poisoned at the hotel, and so Mr. S. very kindly insisted on our spending the rest of our visit with him at his bungalow. He drove us out to

the scenes of the King's Durbar the year before. Practically nothing is left now at all, but it must have been very magnificent at the time. The whole ground was formerly waste, and a "new city" sprang up for the occasion, post offices, roads, gardens, stations, houses, offices, shops, and tents like palaces. The spot where the King delivered his speech, making Delhi the new capital, is now a mound with grass on it.

The new city was to have been near here, and the King laid the first stone, but it was afterwards discovered to be waterlogged, so a different site was chosen.

Some way outside Delhi is the Nizamud Shrine and the Kutub, which is one mass of old ruins, all of which are worth seeing. There is a deep well here down which the natives jump. It is quite narrow, and they jump down it perfectly rigid. If they did not jump extremely accurately they would be killed.

The Kutub Minar is a tower about 240 feet high, in five stories, and very imposing. It is said to have been originally Hindu, altered and made Mahommettan. There is a magnificent view from the top, of all the ancient Delhis. Close by is an old iron pillar dating from the second or third century, and supposed to reach down to the centre of the earth.

Between Delhi and the Kutub is an old Hindu observatory, a startling mass of entangled circles and steps of stone, from which marriages and fortunes were determined. No one now existing can fully understand

this observatory. For those who are interested in antiquities and ruins, there is enough round the vicinity of Delhi to keep them busy for a very long time.

The Delhi fort is not so large as the one at Agra, but it encloses some magnificent buildings. The Diwan-i-an has a very fine throne in the hall covered with precious stones, beautifully placed on the walls to resemble birds of all sizes and colours. It is here that the Durbars are held. In the Diwan-i-Khas is one of the finest marble screens in India. The ancient royal baths consist of three large rooms covered with marble and inlaid with "pietra dura" similar to that at the Taj. They are beautiful and connected with the Diwan-i-Khas by a marble water channel. Close to the baths is the pearl mosque with three small domes.

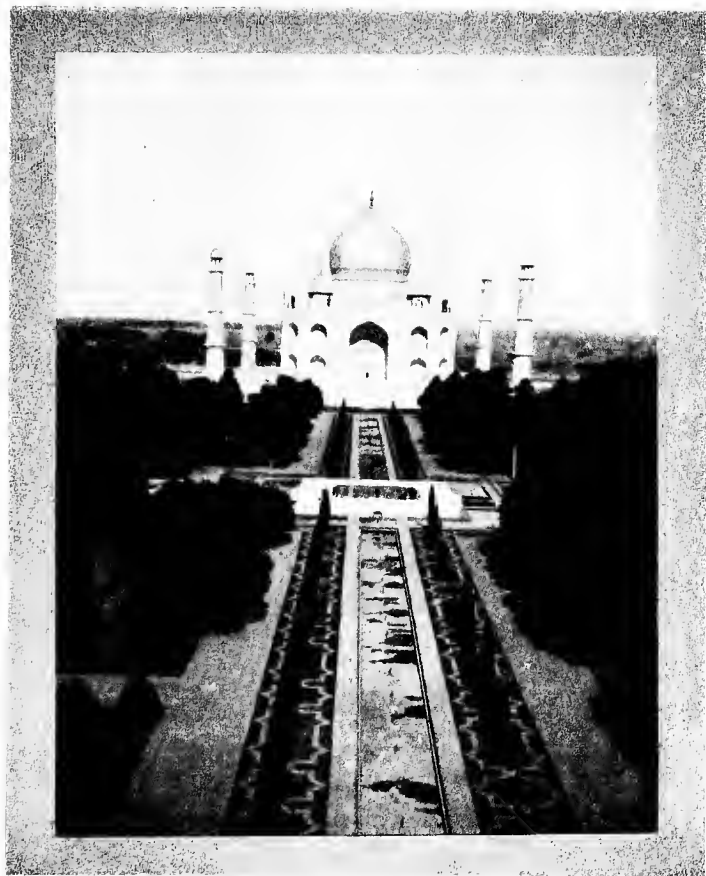
We were asked one evening to dine with a very influential Mahommettan, and drove down to his house in the native quarter. We were shown into two rooms, one used as a dining room and the other a reception room. We thought that except for one or two other rooms this constituted the house, but Mr. S. told us they were only reception rooms, and that the house proper extended a long way, but that even he (who knew our host very well) had never been beyond these rooms. Two other Mahommettans had been invited to meet us, one a Nawab of a native state, and the other a magistrate. Mr. S. had warned us that these dinners often consisted of sixteen courses, and that very little must be drunk, as only soda water

would be supplied, and that native soda, which is dangerous for Europeans to drink. The first course was extremely hot. I took what I thought was salt, but turned out to be white Indian pepper. I did not dare drink more than a sip, and the second course was hotter than the first. There were twelve courses in all, chiefly curries, and it is not etiquette to refuse anything. But they were all good and very well cooked, and our host was extremely pleasant. One of the last courses was some cream mixture with a layer of silver paper on the top. Our friend in Madras had told us he had often seen Mahommettans eating sweets wrapt in silver paper, but I did not believe it till I saw one of them at this dinner eating the cream and silver paper together. For bread we were given a mixture of pancake and Scotch oatcake.

The Mahommettans discussed the bomb outrage and seemed really distressed about it, and said that all their families continued to pray for the capture of the perpetrator of the outrage.

We did not stay long after dinner, as guests are not expected to, but left after a few cigarettes. We enjoyed the evening very much and appreciated their kindness in having asked us. No women, of course, appeared, but we were probably being looked at through the walls by various wives of the harem.

Down a rather steep wall not far from Mr. S.'s bungalow, we came across a native looking very guilty, and as though he ought not to be there. Mr. S. said to



TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.

him in Hindustani, "*You* threw the bomb," and to this day I almost believe he did, as I never saw a man look so scared or run away so fast. Near the wall are a few Mahommettan tombs. The women's tombs always have a slate on them and the men's a pencil—the idea being that women are the instruments that men write on.

As an example of the way in which the natives put their prices up to those who are not residents and cannot speak the language, T. went into the shop of a large ivory merchant and asked the price of a piece of carved ivory. After a lot of bargaining the native came down to £5, and then would go no lower, although we left the shop. We tried again the next day, but he was immovable. We then asked Mr. S. if he would go and see what they would ask him for it. He did so, and they told him that, if it was not bought by two gentlemen who were after it, he could have it for £3!

We were very sorry to leave Delhi, where Mr. S. had treated us so kindly and spent so much of his time entertaining us and introducing us to other people. We left for Bombay very early in the morning after chota hazri (early breakfast, that every one indulges in in India), and on arriving at the station procured a compartment to ourselves with our smaller luggage and bedding. The native officials take a long time doing anything, especially if they have to think for themselves, and the man in charge of our luggage delayed so long that the train started before he put the boxes

in. We had to push our boy out of the carriage and tell him to come on by the next train with the luggage. The train he came by started two hours later and arrived thirty-two hours after ours ! The heat in Bombay could not be compared to that of Colombo, but after Delhi the difference in temperature was very marked. On New Year's Day there was a dance in the hotel, and to celebrate the occasion every visitor was presented by the management with *one* cracker.

Bombay is an enormous city, very prosperous, and with an extremely mixed population. There are large numbers of Parsees, a few of the women very pretty, but the vast majority very ugly, and almost all wearing glasses and clad in picturesque flowing veils and costumes. From the top of the Malabar hill one can get a very fine view of the whole of Bombay city and harbour. Near here is the Parsee burial ground, where the bodies are placed for the vultures to devour, almost immediately they are deposited there. There are always swarms of vultures hovering about this part, waiting for their prey. After the bones have been left for a certain length of time, they are taken and dropped into a well. We passed one funeral on its way, the body being carried on a stretcher by four men in white, and all the mourners walking, also dressed in white, each one holding the corner of a handkerchief, or piece of white ribbon, with the mourner next to him.

Amateur acting in India has a name for being

extremely good, and a performance of the Man of Destiny that we saw at the Opera House at Bombay could not have been better. It was proceeded by a few solos, including one by a very small man who sang "A Giant am I" much to the audience's amusement.

Our boy became quite upset as our time to leave India approached, and was most anxious that we should take him to England. He proved himself thoroughly honest the whole time, and the following is a letter which he sent me after we left. He could not write English, but dictated it to a friend.

Most Honoured Sir,

I am very much pleasure in writing these few lines to your honour that after I left your merciful honour I arrived safely to my place by the favour of your kindness, and then I had been felt sick for a few days, but I am alright now by the mercy of St. Mary.

Also I have written your prizes for which I have received heartfelt thanks to master. Moreover I have permitted by my mother, to go to your honour's place whenever you like me and am eagerly awaiting to come when you call.

In conclusion of my letter to take a favourable reply on my request to write about your health without delay.

Closing with best wishes,

I am, most Honoured Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

T. Francis (late Boy).

The "prizes" refer to one or two presents we gave him, and about which he wrote and told his mother. One wonders how he got hold of the expression "late Boy."

The doctor's examination at most ports consists (for first class passengers) as a general rule in meeting in the saloon and the doctor just passing slowly through, but on embarking on a P. & O. steamer at Bombay a rather more elaborate and somewhat unnecessary scheme is gone through. At the quay men and women have to separate and form up in queues and await their turn before going into the doctor's room and passing out the other side. Such questions as to whether one has been associating with plague rats are asked, and pulses felt. No one is allowed on board unless they are sailing and we were informed our boy could not bring our bags on to the tender even, but that "disinfected coolies" would do it. They may have been disinfected, but they certainly were not washed.

It takes a little under ten days to get from Bombay to Port Said, and we had a comparatively smooth crossing the whole way. Another examination took place at Suez before a lady doctor, but merely consisted in walking out of the saloon when called. It became very cold at night while going up the canal. A search light is put in the stern and shows up the land on both sides, as the canal is very narrow in parts, the ship being only a few feet off land on either side. At first sight the miles and miles of desert appear



ELEPHANT GATE
AT DELHI FORT.

almost uncanny. There are small stations every few miles up the canal, and towards Port Said it broadens. We arrived in Port Said early one morning without having had to "tie up" to let another ship pass, even once.

PORT SAID.

EVERYONE came off the liner for the day at Port Said, and it seemed to be the ambition of every lady to buy ostrich feathers, as they can be procured very cheaply there, and there are many very fine specimens. The natives ask, of course, enormous prices to start with, and come down with a rush just before the boat sails. As we were spending the night in Port Said, we waited till the boat had gone before purchasing any. I discovered one that I liked, a large one, and got it very cheaply. The native then turned his back to us to put it in a long round tin, and then handed it to me. As by this time we never trusted anyone where bargaining was concerned, I opened the tin and took the feather out again to see if he had changed it when his back was turned, and discovered that he had. He was much "grieved" at his mistake, but I put it in myself the second time.

Port Said is not a pleasant place to stay in, and is full of undesirables of all nations. The following afternoon we left by Austrian Lloyd steamer for Palestine.

PALESTINE.

THE journey from Port Said to Jaffa takes only about fourteen hours, but the sea is often extremely rough, and sometimes it is impossible to land in Jaffa, as it is necessary to go ashore in a rowing boat, and there are very large rocks at the entrance to the harbour, which it would be difficult to avoid in a heavy sea. Cases have been known where numbers of passengers have been forced to return again without ever having put foot on land. It was quite smooth when we landed, however, and, leaving the small Austrian Lloyd steamer, were rowed ashore by six Nubians. They rowed with quite a unique movement, rising out of their seats at each pull. On landing we were surrounded by Arabs of all descriptions, were met and rescued from them by an Arab Chief, who later accompanied us through Palestine.

We had been particularly told that it is impossible to land without our passports viséd, and without having a written medical certificate of health. No one, however, asked for either of these. We were requested to open a bag at the customs house, but to save time we walked out when the officer was not looking, and no one seemed to mind.

On driving through Jaffa up to the Hotel Hardegg (a most appropriate name) for breakfast, our first impression of the Holy Land was that it was more thoroughly Eastern and native than any country we had yet seen. The roads are veritable switchbacks, and it is really surprising that the carriages can survive them. On the way to the tomb of Tabitha, one of the wheels of our carriage became caught in a telegraph wire that was lying across the road, but most things in connection with the post office in Palestine are bad.

The tomb of Tabitha is on the spot where, according to tradition, the widow who was raised to life by St. Peter was buried. There is a Russian church on the site now, and inside are some very fine life-sized paintings of scenes in the life of St. Peter. From the tower of this church there is a very good view of Jaffa and the Plain of Saron, with the hills of Judea and Samaria in the far distance. Near here is the site of the house of Simon the Tanner, where St. Peter received his vision. This again is a tradition, but there seems no doubt that the tradition existed as early as the twelfth century. All the roads are enclosed on either side by sycamore trees and large orchards bearing quantities of Jaffa oranges.

The dining-room at the Hotel Hardegg possessed two large tables, at which all the guests were placed. Our table was quite full, and next to me sat an old Englishman of the type that one imagines only exists in French newspapers. He was extremely fussy over everything,

and a strict teetotaler, and so was most anxious to know if the water was really good to drink. He asked two waiters very volubly and loudly—and they both informed him that it was excellent. He would not believe it, however, and insisted on getting up to ask the manager, much to everyone's amusement. The temptation was too strong, and in his momentary absence I poured a spoonful of salt into his glass. He came back still not *quite* convinced, took one sip, and then no more. He could not understand what everyone was laughing at.

The whole of Palestine is naturally full of Biblical places of interest, and of large numbers of actual buildings and spots where Biblical events have taken place. Some of them are unquestionably genuine, and some of them are not, but as a general rule, even in the case of the latter, the event has, in all probability, taken place somewhere in that vicinity.

We were not the very least bit disappointed in Palestine, nor did we consider it spoilt by modern introductions—of which there are very few. The scenery is bare and rugged, but combines with it a very great attractiveness. The people in many parts look as though they had been there since the time of Our Lord. Their clothes have changed very slightly, and their customs and manners are in many ways identical. Whole villages and families come into Jerusalem for feasts as of old, and all return together, parents taking it for granted that their children are somewhere amongst

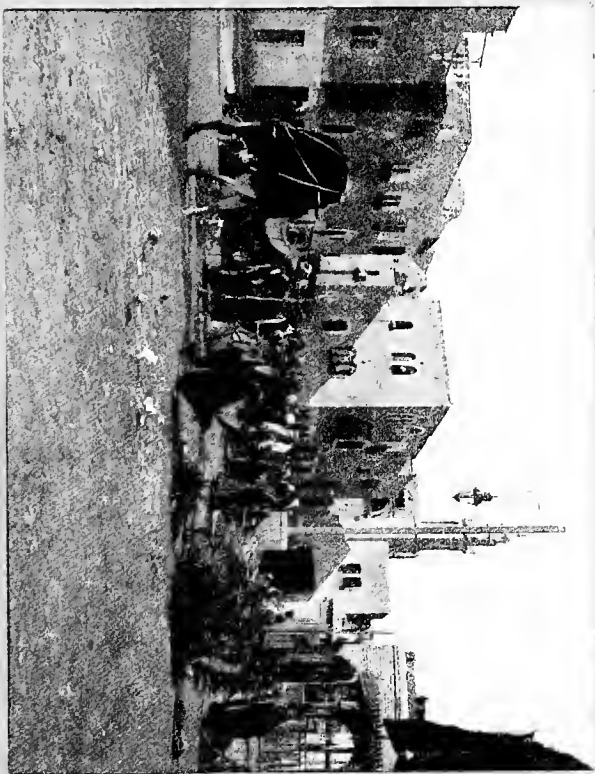
their own group, and occasionally losing them. The streets are full of men in their patched cloaks, on camels and donkeys, and the country is a mass of wild flowers.

In the afternoon we went by train to Jerusalem, a journey of about five hours from Jaffa. It was a very small train and very slow, stopping at many stations for no apparent reason, except to allow the passengers to gaze at the masses of flowers that grow all along the line in great abundance. It is strange that, although wild and so numerous in the country, they will not grow at all near the towns. The railway goes through many interesting places, and past pretty scenes, including Samson's Cave, the home of Joseph of Arimathea, and Simeon's tomb close to Jerusalem.

The wayside scenes, such as men sowing with their hands, long strings of camels passing slowly along the roads, old ruins, enormous rocks, and the native "mud-houses," were all very interesting, and certainly far from modern.

On arriving, we drove through the streets of Jerusalem, past Mount Sion, to the hotel, which had a small entrance in a kind of alley, and with nothing European about its surroundings.

The first morning, we drove to Bethlehem, past Mount Sion and up the Mount of Evil Counsel, where is the site of the House of Caiphas, where the first meeting against Our Lord was held. Also, Judas is said to have hanged himself on this mount. Just beyond is the plain where David twice defeated the Philistines, and



SCENE OUTSIDE
CHURCH OF
NATIVITY,
BETHLEHEM.

half way between Jerusalem and Bethlehem is the Convent of St. Elias. At the side of the roadway, close to the convent, is shown the spot where Our Lady and St. Joseph are said to have rested on their way to Bethlehem. Then one passes the hospice of the Knights of Malta, and further on still is the tomb of Rachel, owned by the Jews. It has many times changed hands, but the original pillar which Jacob erected is there to this day. Beyond Rachel's tomb is the village of Beit Djalah, an entirely Christian one. All along the road are vines and olive plantations, and numbers of donkeys and camels laden with oranges continually pass along the road. On arriving at Bethlehem, we left the carriage and walked through the streets. It is very picturesque, and the streets extremely narrow. The women of Bethlehem wear a special head-dress of their own, somewhat after the style of Richard III.

The Basilica of the Nativity is a very large stone building, with a kind of courtyard in front, and three monasteries round it, one Franciscan, one Greek, and one Armenian, forming a fort to protect it. The entrance is through a very small door in the stone (about four feet by five). Within, the three shrines, Greek, Armenian and Catholic, are all side by side, with an armed soldier in each. The grotto itself is cut out of the wall, and fifteen lamps always burn before it, and the Franciscan friars tend to it. A sentry with a rifle is always stationed in front of it, and there is an intense air of reverence everywhere in the whole building. In the crypt are

the tombs of St. Jerome and the Holy Innocents, with an altar dedicated to each. On coming away, we went to see the City of Bethlehem from the top of the hill, with the shepherd's field below.

Every Friday in Jerusalem the Franciscan monks follow the Stations of the Cross through the "Via Dolorosa" and are joined by a large crowd of nuns, schoolgirls, and pilgrims. The first station is at the Pretorium of Pilate, the courtyard of which is now part of a narrow street. All the stations are marked, usually by a chapel, and outside by an inscription in Latin. At the fifth station, where Simon of Cyrene takes up the cross, the road comes into Jerusalem "from the country," as is stated in the Gospels.

The Ecce Homo Arch stretches over the road, and is repeated inside the church of the Sisters of Sion, only it is smaller. A nun took us into the church, and showed us over it. The arch and enormous rock are behind the high altar. She took us downstairs, and showed us some of the pavement that had been there in Pilate's time, with a Roman "game"—a kind of chess—carved on one slab.

The fourteenth station is at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The tomb itself is enclosed in the little vestibule with a very small opening, which has been enlarged since 1113, and with room for only a very few people at a time. The actual rock where Christ's body rested is covered on the top with white marble. Near here is a long red slab of stone on which the body

ON THE ROAD TO
BETHLEHEM.



of Our Lord is said to have been anointed by Nicodemus, but this is tradition, and there is not such strong proof for the genuineness of this as there is for the Holy Sepulchre. The whole basilica at all hours of the day is packed with pilgrims of every nationality.

There are very many other chapels, which would require pages to describe, and all of them of very ancient origin, and possessing interesting history. They include the Chapel of the Copts, the Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene, the Chapel of the Syrians, the Church of the Apparition of Jesus to His Mother, and of Longinus, and the Column of Flagellation from the Pretorium of Pilate, where Christ was scourged.

At the Church of the Holy Cross are two altars, one dedicated to St. Helena, and one to Dismas, the good thief, and below here is the grotto where St. Helena discovered the true cross and other instruments of the Passion.

At Calvary are two chapels, one belonging to the Catholics, and the other to the Greeks. The altar of the *Stabat Mater*, belonging to the former, marks the spot where the Blessed Virgin received the lifeless body. Beyond this there is a Greek altar, and here there is a small silver disc covering the spot where the Cross was fixed. On either side are two black marble discs, marking the position where the other two crosses were presumed to have been placed.

Underneath Calvary is the Chapel of Adam, where there are two very ancient stone seats, dating at the

latest from the eleventh century. One requires many days to visit all the Holy Places in Jerusalem, and most of them one would like to visit more than once.

The scenes at the Jews' Wailing Place on Saturdays are very impressive. Jews of all ages, and from all countries, stand with their faces turned towards the wall, and, kissing it, weep themselves into a frenzy.

Before visiting the Mosque of Omar, it is necessary to inform the British Consul, who sends one of his attendants, carrying a whip and a sword, to accompany one.

The Mosque of Omar is a marvel of perfection, and the mosaics are some of the finest in the world, having been partly re-done by the ex-Sultan. The sacred rock is in the centre of the temple, surrounded by very fine gates erected by the Crusaders. Since Captain Barker "desecrated" the temple, no one has been allowed within the gates. One can descend into the grotto underneath the rock, where the sacrifices were offered, and see a round opening in the middle where the blood of the victims flowed away.

In the Mosque is a small square stone (on the ground), which once had many nails in it, but now all have gone save three. It is said that when the last of these three disappear the end of the world will come, and also that anyone who places money on it will go to heaven, and he who passes it by will not.

The Pool of Bethesda is in the possession of the White Fathers, who are still excavating there. The verses

from the Gospel describing the miracle of Our Lord are written there in sixty-five languages. The very ancient steps are there, and one can quite imagine the impossibility to go down "with no man to help."

Close to the pool is the Church of St. Anne, on the site of the house where St. Anne and Joachim lived, and where the Blessed Virgin was born. There is the remains of a very ancient church underneath the present one.

The Turkish Government in Palestine leaves very much to be desired. No European ever thinks of posting a letter in a Turkish post office, but the hotels sell stamps, and there are Austrian, Russian, and French collecting-boxes. While in Jerusalem, I wanted to send a cable home to arrive within twenty-six hours, but I was informed that there was not the least chance of it arriving in that length of time—it might take a week, or it might never get further than Constantinople. The Turkish Government is very corrupt, and does but little for the country. The year we were there was a very bad one indeed, and two days before we arrived a starving mob had raided the shops for food. Unless one is influential, very little justice can be got from the Government—the natives have a system among themselves, which works quite independently of the Government, and if one man should lend another a sum of money, he cannot necessarily get it back by appealing to the Turkish law. One very influential Arab, whom we came across, told us he had built his

house for £1,000, and an official was sent by the Government to value it for taxes. Being an influential man, the owner knew it would not be valued at its full price, and the official went all over it, and valued it at £300. Even then the owner said that was too much, and so it was finally valued at £100, and he now pays taxes on his house as being worth that amount. But where influence is not brought to bear, others are often overtaxed.

Another Arab, the head of an ancient tribe, whom we met, lost his horse—a very fine, pure Arab—and he immediately told the Turkish representative in the district that it had been stolen, and that he must have it back within twenty-four hours. The Turk said he would try to find it, and later came and said he had tried, but could not discover it. The Arab chief said it *must* be brought to him within twenty-four hours, and then the Turk sent him three excellent horses in its stead, which, however, were declined, but with the help of his soldiers the Turk found it within the specified time and delivered it to its owner. But, had it not happened to have been the chief's horse, it would never have been recovered, nor any compensation given.

The Sheik who accompanied us through the Holy Land was an extremely nice Arab, and also a man of great influence. He was a Christian, and spoke Arabic, English, French, German, Portuguese, and Greek fluently. He was most courteous and pleasant, and extremely interesting, and very loyal to his own people, deeply

deploring the ways of the Turkish Government, like most of his fellow chiefs. Many of them, having watched the good that has come to Egypt since being under British rule, would very much like to see Lord Kitchener ruling over them.

There is now a Dominican monastery over the spot where St. Stephen was stoned, and not far from here are the tombs of the kings. These are really the burial places of the Adriabene Royalty, and are very old. When they were excavated, the most modern coin that was discovered bore the date 70 A.D. The tombs consist of several chambers, exactly as they were made and used. There are the shelves cut in the sides in which the bodies were laid, some for placing the bodies in immediately after anointing, and others where they were finally sealed up. Against the entrance is a huge stone, rolled away in the manner in which we read of in the Gospel.

On the top of the Mount of Olives is a large Russian church and hospice, and there is a very fine view, with the Dead Sea in the distance. Coming down from here, we went to the Garden of Gethsemane, the entire charge of which is in the hands of the Franciscan friars. The garden is now enclosed in a square of eighty yards, and is full of small flowers, and contains a few old olive trees. All around the garden are placed the Stations of the Cross. On the way back from there we passed the place where Judas is said to have betrayed Our Lord with a kiss, and where Christ came into Jerusalem on an

ass. Lower down still is the Basilica of Our Lady's Tomb, which is said to be authentic. Close to the basilica we passed many women of Jerusalem drawing water from a well, and carrying it in their stone pitchers on their heads, scenes which certainly have not changed with time.

From Jerusalem we set out early one morning for Jericho. Our driver, though really an Italian, was dressed like an Arab, and later told us, with a huge grin, that he had been tortured by the Turks, and turned out of the country, and had been for days in hiding near Jericho. This was, of course, during the time that the Turks and Italians were at war.

We had a magnificent view of Jerusalem driving out, but the roads were very bad indeed, one having to pass over thick mud and enormous stones alternately, and occasionally we left the road and drove over fields. We passed through Bethany, a very picturesque village, past the fountain of the Apostles and the Good Samaritan inn, which is about half way between Jerusalem and Jericho. We also passed several shepherds, with their thick clubs to drive off jackals, in their cloaks and picturesque head-dress. The road, up to a few years ago, was very dangerous, travellers often being attacked by Bedouins, but now it is practically quite safe. Omar turned up in magnificent Arab dress, with a revolver at his belt. The scenery we liked very much indeed, though it is bare and hilly, and in the far distance could be seen the Dead Sea. A little past the



BEDOUIN
WOMEN AND
CHILDREN
OUTSIDE THEIR
MUD HUT.

Good Samaritan inn is a new road, but it is not a very great improvement on the other. After arriving at Jericho, we drove on to the Jordan, taking about two hours over miles of sand. The Jordan water is extremely dirty. We rowed down it a short way, past some mineral water flowing out of a rock at the side, and then drove to the Dead Sea. The Russian church, which stands out so clearly from on top of the Mount of Olives, can be plainly seen from the Dead Sea.

Dinner at the small hotel in Jericho consisted of three courses, the first being stewed pork, the second roast pork, and the third boiled pork. At night we were several times woken up by jackals, which frequent this district and carry off the sheep.

Jericho has changed its site so often that there are many ruins of the ancient cities, and the present town is not large. It contains, however, a Russian hospice, a Greek church, and a Franciscan chapel. The Mount of Quarantine looks right over it, and there is a Greek monastery there. It was on top of this mountain that Our Lord was tempted. The actual cave in which tradition says that Christ passed Lent is inside the chapel.

On coming back to Jericho we mounted the horses which we had procured for the rest of our stay in Palestine, and after riding all over the ancient ruins rode back to Jerusalem. We went over the road where the house of Martha and Mary was situated, and also saw Lazarus' tomb, then rode on past the Damascus gate and garden of Gethsemane.

Between Jerusalem and Jericho the road passes on top of a very deep valley, practically a gorge, with the rock rising almost sheer on the opposite side. In this rock are the caves of a few hermits, quite isolated, and at one part there is a Greek monastery built right in the rock. There is only one narrow pathway leading to these habitations, looking sheer into the valley below.

The Arab horses possess wonderful endurance and strength, and will go at a canter over rocks and steep slopes which no English horse would attempt.

On Mount Sion is the tomb of David and the room where the Last Supper took place, but no Christian is allowed to enter.

There is also an Armenian church there, marking the spot where St. James the Great was beheaded in the year 44 A.D. Near by is a German Catholic church, the site of which was given by the Kaiser.

We had planned to work our way up to Nazareth and Caipha on horseback, and so set out from Jerusalem to Nablus, with Omar and an Arab called Mahommed to look after our two packhorses. We passed through Beeroth, where Christ was missed by St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin on their way from Jerusalem, and stopped at Lebonah, and had the lunch that we had brought with us, in a field in front of an old inn. Just as we had finished, it commenced to pour with rain, and we went into the courtyard for shelter. Whilst waiting here, some twenty-five Bedouins came in, also for shelter. They were on their way to a tribal wedding,

and were all in very high spirits. Each one had arms of some sort, several had very old guns and many ancient pistols, daggers, and swords. I got one of them to show me his gun, a very fine old one, and his pistol equally old, but both effective. Many of them immediately crowded round, and I showed them my automatic pistol, in which they were very interested, and all examined it, and on passing it back asked me to fire it off. I did so, and then they insisted on firing themselves, crowding all round the man who fired. I gave them about twenty cartridges, which they fired off in a very dangerous manner. They became most friendly, and offered to show us an Arab wedding dance outside the inn. One played the flute, and about seven linked arms and danced in a very original manner, which was really quite difficult. The two end ones waved swords about the whole time, and one of them hit an onlooker on the head, and only just missed me—however, though they sometimes do wound each other in this manner, they do not mind, as it is not “unfriendly.” The Bedouins who were not dancing fired off their guns and pistols indiscriminately the whole time. They were all very dirty, but extremely friendly ; though whether they would have been equally friendly if Omar had not been there, I do not know, but doubt very much.

Between here and Nablus is the well where Christ sat down to converse with the woman of Samaria. There was a church here in the year 404, but that has long since been in ruins, and now there is a Greek church

over it. The well is just as it was in ancient days, and very deep. Close by is the tomb of Joseph, according to an extremely ancient tradition.

On arriving at Nablus, we discovered that the wire we had sent twenty-four hours before had not yet arrived, and were told it might not arrive for a day or two. There is one European residence here, belonging to the Hambourg Amerika line, and we were received by the European manager, who informed us he would be very pleased to give us each a room with eight beds in it. There were not many rooms, but sometimes days may pass without anyone coming at all, and another day an unexpected party of fifty or so turn up, so every available spot has a bed in it. We, however, were the only visitors at that time.

Nablus is the ancient Sichem, and is at present very anti-Christian, and it is not safe to walk about at all without a responsible guide. In the Samaritan Synagogue there is a copy of the original Pentateuch Roll. It folds on two large rods, and though only a copy, is itself very nearly two thousand years old.

After about half an hour's ride from Nablus into Samaria, we left the road, and went all over the ruins of Herod's palace. They are very interesting, and there are many large columns left, and we found several coins in the ground. Being off the road, unless one is on horseback, it is not easy to get at. Personally, I cannot understand why anyone who can ride would ever think of driving in the Holy Land. The state of

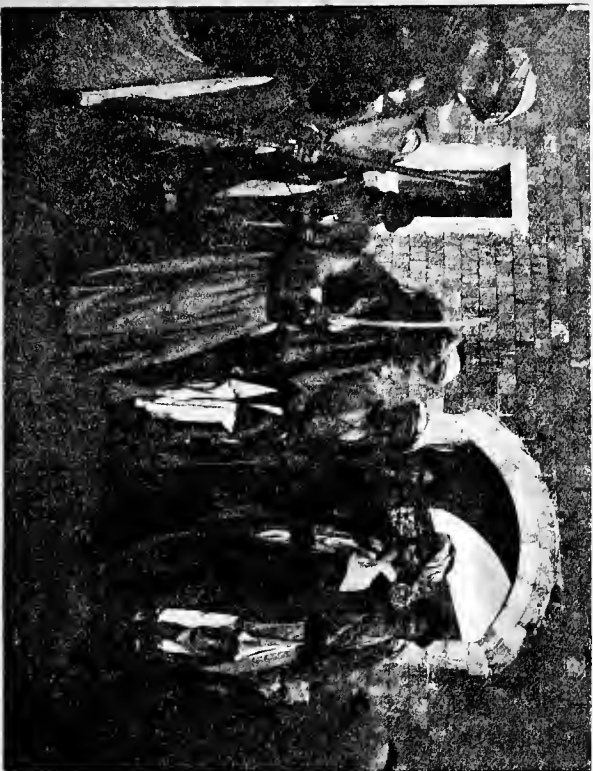
the roads is literally indescribable, apart from the monotony, and on horseback one can get about very much quicker by going across country, see many places which are not accessible by road, besides the benefit of the exercise, and the good horses obtainable. The most satisfactory way is to buy a horse on arrival, and sell it again before leaving at a slightly reduced price, which can easily be done, provided the horse is good.

Before arriving at Djenin, we went many short cuts over marshes, ploughed fields, and rocky slopes, and eventually arrived after nine hours in the saddle. At a small village before Djenin we passed a number of Arabs with rifles, but did not take particular notice of them. We were riding with Omar some distance in front of Mahommed. When the latter came up to the Arabs they stopped him at the point of their rifles, and demanded to be given our baggage and belongings. Mahommed had a revolver on him, and also our two rifles, but he told them he would not use them, and bid them take everything, but that they did not know whom they were robbing and would dearly repent it afterwards. They consulted together, but knowing who Omar was, decided it would be better not to touch anything, and so let Mahommed ride on. Had we not had Omar with us, they would not have hesitated to take everything. The reason why they were afraid of him was not because of his influence with the Government, but because of his position amongst themselves. He would have reported the matter to their own chief, who would have

punished them severely, as they are entirely under the heads of their tribes, who can call them up at any moment, and for whom they will lay down their lives. They have their own laws and their own ideas of right and wrong, and if there is any dispute amongst themselves they choose "judges" of their own tribes, who give judgment in the form of parables, just as it was done in ancient days. This is by far the best form of justice, if the parties who have quarrelled *really wish for justice*, and not personal revenge or gratification. Omar has often been called on to judge in this way, and I give one example which he told me himself. Two chiefs had quarrelled over some matter on which they had been working, and Omar was appointed judge. He said to them: "There was once a prince who, when his son reached the age of manhood, wished to test his wisdom, so he called his son, and said to him: 'What would you do if you were a judge, and two bad men came before you?' The son answered: 'I would arrange so that they were both satisfied.' Then the Prince said: 'What would you do if one good and one bad man came before you?' 'I would give in to the bad man, and the good man would not be a cause of trouble,' answered the son. 'And if two good men came before you, what would you do?' asked the father. 'Two good men would *not* come before me,' answered the son."

The two chiefs, seeing exactly what Omar meant, immediately apologised, slaughtered sheep, and returned home.

BEDOUINS
DANCING
WEDDING
DANCE.



This result could not possibly have been attained by appealing to the Turkish law, and this custom is still in perpetual use.

It is very difficult to understand the exact meaning of phrases in the Gospels without having been in the Holy Land, and seeing the same customs and manners continuing to this day. One reads of the placing of the hand on another man's thigh before asking some particular favour. The origin of this was because the placing of a man's hand between the thighs of another (which part of the body was considered sacred) rendered the favour which was to be asked, no matter what it was, absolutely binding and sacred. This custom is still in practice amongst the Bedouins, only now the hand is placed on the heart, but the favour is equally binding.

A very strange proof of the story of the birth of Christ lies in the fact that one day Omar met a Bedouin a long way up country, and asked him the name of his tribe. The man said he would not know it if he told him, but Omar told him he was sure he would, as he was a chief himself and thought he knew every tribe. The Bedouin then said : " I am of the Tribe of the Star." Omar was astonished, as he had never heard of it. He asked the man about it, and he said they had been called that many hundreds of years ago, as one of their tribe had followed a "star." He said there were very few of them left. He was a descendant of the Three Kings who went to Bethlehem. It was an

extraordinary link, and Omar immediately informed the ecclesiastical authorities in Jerusalem.

Djenin is on the borders of Samaria and Galilee, and is said to be the place at which Christ cured the ten lepers. There is an hotel here similar to the one at Nablus.

The Holy Land is full of religious of every order, but the vast majority are Franciscans. These latter have attached to their monastery hospices, where pilgrims of all classes, conditions, and nationalities are received for as long as they wish to stay and pay whatever they like, according to their means—if they are too poor, they need pay nothing.

We suddenly decided to break our journey to Tiberias, and spend the night on top of Mount Tabor, where the Transfiguration took place. It is extremely steep and severe riding up the mountain, and as there are only two habitations on top—a Greek, and a Franciscan monastery, so we decided to seek admittance to the latter.

The road from Djenin stretches across miles of the plain of Esdraelon, which makes the most perfect riding country, and one is able to gallop for miles at a stretch. The villages one passes through chiefly consist of mud huts full of very dirty and half-starved children. They are quaint and picturesque, but plainly show the poverty of the country. Passing through Jezreel, where Jezabel was hurled from the window, and over the vast battle-field where Deborah and Barak fought Sisera, we came

into the village of Nairn, where Our Lord raised to life the widow's only son. It is a typical village, and we stayed here for some time, to have our lunch and a rest. All the men were away in the fields, but the children and women came out to view us, and we gave the mothers a few pence, and the children some food. They looked very starved, and seemed extremely pleased, trying to kiss our hands in gratitude.

Mount Tabor rises two thousand feet up above the sea level, and the ascent is by a very winding and irregular path. Eleven centuries ago there were steps to the top, and the present path in many places shows their remains. There are on the summit the ruins of a thirteenth century fortress, and one passes through an old Crusader gate and across an ancient moat before arriving at the monastery itself. It is, as a general rule, necessary for pilgrims to bring a letter from Jerusalem with them, but the friars received us very kindly, and gave us each a room in the hospice. One of them showed us the Chapel of the Transfiguration, and then took us all over the very interesting ruins of an ancient Benedictine monastery that had just been discovered there. A great deal of it is left amidst a mixture of Turkish and Crusader architecture. They are still excavating, and hope to rebuild it as it originally stood.

The view from the monastery of the surrounding country is one of the finest in the whole of Palestine. The history of Mount Tabor is very interesting, and the

authenticity of it being the Mountain of the Transfiguration is established beyond doubt.

The monks were most kind and hospitable, and we were actually more comfortable, and had better food, here than we had in any hotel in the Holy Land. We told this to one of the friars, who seemed very pleased, as he said they were afraid we would not be satisfied, as some English people had been there some time before and had written to the Times to complain of the food and discomfort of the monastery. The friars naturally felt this keenly. As their doors are open to everyone free of all charge, the excessive bad taste of the complaint speaks for itself, even if it had been justified.

From Mount Tabor we had four hours' riding in the pouring rain before reaching Tiberias. Here, however, it was quite fine, and we went on to the Sea of Galilee in a boat. The scenery was very pretty along the banks, and the sea was quite calm the whole time we were on it. It is one of the most dangerous lakes in the world—as sudden, very violent storms appear without any warning in less than two minutes. The last time Omar had been there the boat had been upset, but though he was unable to swim, he was very luckily washed ashore. It is somewhere in this vicinity that Christ walked on the water. There are not many Christians in Tiberias, the majority of the inhabitants being Jews, and the present city was founded by the Crusaders. There is a Greek and a Catholic church here, and also a Scotch mission.

A short distance down the lake is the village of Hammath, where there are natural hot springs.

The following morning we went down the lake as far as Magdala, when it became very wet and misty, entirely covering the view of Caphernaum and Bethsaida. As our riding clothes were wet through, we decided to drive to Nazareth and pick up our horses again from there. We managed to get a carriage and three very good horses, and commenced the difficult climb out of Tiberias. It was very cold, and poured with rain, and the road was the worst we ever saw in Palestine. Every twenty yards the horses stopped, and time after time we had to get out and drag the carriage out of the mud. It took over two hours to reach the top of the hill—several times we thought we would get no further. Had the horses not been really good ones, they could not possibly have done the climb. On reaching the top, we had ploughed fields to go over, and during the intervals of sticking in the mud were very nearly overturned. After about three and a-half hours, we stopped to give the horses a drink, and have tiffin. An hour after this, we came into what the driver called a "good" road and then passed through the village of Cana in Galilee, where Christ performed the first miracle, that of changing the water into wine. There is a Franciscan church here, built over part of the old sanctuary, and they have found very many old ruins by excavating underneath. They possess a very ancient Jewish pitcher of the type that would have been used at the marriage feast, and

a very old cistern also. From the top of the hill above Nazareth there is a picturesque view of the town itself, nestling on the hill-side down in the valley, surrounded by thick hedges of cactus, olive, and fig trees.

The Church of the Annunciation in Nazareth is attached to the Franciscan monastery, and in here is the grotto where the Annunciation took place. There is a very fine altar here, with a mass of beautiful marble. Not far from the church is St. Joseph's workshop, where, according to an ancient tradition, was the house of Joseph and Mary, and where Christ was brought up for many years.

On entering Nazareth from Cana, one passes a fountain with three taps for drawing water, and which is known as the "Fountain of Mary." It is still in use, and it was from here that St. Joseph and Mary used to draw water.

The women of Nazareth are extraordinarily beautiful, and many of them would make perfect Botticelli madonnas. They make a great deal of lace. We went into the house of one of them and bought some, very exquisitely made. The streets of Nazareth are attractive and very picturesque.

From Nazareth we rode to Caipha, a distance of about twenty-five miles. We stopped to have lunch by the road-side and were joined by a Druce, whose tribe are great enemies of the Turks, but he proved most friendly to us. He insisted on firing off his

own gun and our revolvers, a feat they all seem to enjoy. On nearing Caipha, two Arabs on horses spread themselves across the road in front of us, in order to stop us. They had been playing with their guns, and one had shot the other's horse, which was covered in blood. They wanted to know if they had done it any permanent harm.

Caipha is situated below Mount Carmel, and is of considerable size. On embarking here it was somewhat rough, and we were tossed about a good deal before reaching the Austrian Lloyd steamer.

The following morning we arrived early at Jaffa, and though it was rough here also, we were able to land. Omar had been afraid he would be carried off to Port Said, as he also came with us, back to Jaffa. Nothing could have equalled his kindness to us during the whole of our stay. We spent the day in Jaffa, and picked one hundred and fifty oranges, and sent them home by sea, the whole transaction costing the large sum of 5s.

It is strange that the flowers that cover the country will not grow in or around the towns, and though we drove some little way outside Jaffa, we could not find one, although the day before, while riding, we could have picked thousands.

On going down to the quay again, we found the sea had become very much rougher, and we got into a large rowing boat full of women, chiefly upper-class natives. We were "tossed" to the steamer, and here it was very

difficult to embark, as we were tossed up and down, and banged against both the boat in front and the gangway of the steamer. This upset the women, who started to scream and cling to one another, thus preventing anyone from moving. The sailors were marvellously agile, and, pulling them away from one another, literally flung them on to the gangway to other sailors, as the boat rose on a level with the ship. No accident occurred, and no one fell into the sea, an occurrence we expected to see every minute. We, ourselves, were not sorry to get on board.

By far the best way to see the Holy Land is by camping, if possible. It is extremely comfortable, very much more so than the hotels, and one is not restricted to any particular time or place, and can see places that would otherwise not be possible. Many go from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and then back by boat to Caipha, and so see Nazareth, but miss all the inland country. Riding without camping is thoroughly enjoyable and satisfactory, but it compels one to journey a certain distance every day, as European accommodation is few and far between.

We left the Holy Land, having thoroughly enjoyed our tour in the country, and not having experienced the least disappointment while there.

EGYPT.

ON arriving in Cairo, straight from Palestine, it appeared "horribly modern" at first, but there is much of very great interest in Cairo, although in many ways it is somewhat spoilt. This is bound to be the case when at least half the "season population" go there merely for social pleasures, rather than from a love of travelling, or a real interest in the country.

The hotels are very fine indeed, and of course expensive, and there is no lack of amusement. In the season one can get to a dance somewhere almost every night. We stayed at a very large hotel, looking on to the Nile, with a distant view of the Geza pyramids. One could not wish for a more magnificent spectacle than that which showed itself from the roof of the hotel at sunset—the Nile in front with scattered palms just beyond, and the pyramids in the distance, the whole scene covered by a sky of the most vivid colours.

As is the case in all places where tourists abound, the native "tout" has made his appearance in vast numbers and has become quite a pest. They accost one every few yards in the street, if one is walking, and even while having tea on the verandah at Shepherds one is not free from them.

On going to Egypt for the first time it is almost necessary to have a "dragoman," who is a great help if he is a good one, and a great nuisance if he is not. On arriving in Cairo we were met by T.'s father and sister, who we found had procured an excellent dragoman, who was a Syrian, and who knew the country thoroughly.

We spent two days in Cairo, and then left by the night train for Luxor, arriving there the following morning. There is a very fine hotel there, on the bank of the Nile, opposite Thebes. It was covered with the most beautiful purple flowers, and had an excellent verandah and tennis lawn.

To get to Thebes, it is necessary to cross the Nile, and then mount donkeys to go across the sand. The donkeys and donkey-boys are a feature of Egypt. The donkeys are very strong little animals, and will gallop quite fast with even a heavy man on their backs, and they never seem to get tired. They are a very different breed from those we have in Europe, and before being on them it is difficult to believe they can easily carry such a weight. The donkey-boys are very proud of their own donkeys, and in their blue burnouses run all the time behind them. At first they will insist on hitting the donkeys every minute or so, to make their donkey get in front and so show its superiority. This is most annoying for the person riding, as each time it is hit it goes sideways with a jerk. We had the same boys each day, and "trained" them not to touch the animals



PYRAMID AND SPHINX.



ANCIENT CARVING OF QUEENS OF LOWER AND UPPER EGYPT AND
GOD OF UPPER AND LOWER EGYPT, EACH WEARING THEIR
RESPECTIVE CROWNS.

while we were riding. They often name their donkeys after well-known actors and actresses. My first one was "Mrs. Patrick Campbell," and my second "Whiskey-Soda." They are very fond of Scotch names also, and many donkeys answer to the name of Mackintyre and McPherson.

After about twenty minutes' ride on the donkeys, one passes the two Colossi of Memmon, huge images standing out alone in the vast expanse of sand. They both represent the King Amenophis III., and were originally in front of the temple that he himself built. They are both about the same size, and were cut from a peculiar species of stone, which used to be procured in the district near Edfou.

The state of preservation of the carvings and statues in Egypt is almost unbelievable. The Tombs of the Queens at Thebes are one of the finest of all the relics of ancient Egypt. The paintings and carvings might literally have been done yesterday, and the fact that they were done two thousand years before Christ seems incredible. The walls are covered with very deep carvings of vivid colours, representing the gods, Amon Ra, Anubis the god of Death, and Horus carved in the shape of a bird, and the symbols such as the Key of Life and Stability, etc., are repeated everywhere.

The Temple of Medineh Habu is a very fine specimen of old Egyptian work, with many pillars of granite, brought from Assuan in some manner which has never become known. The temple was built by Ramesis

III. There is a great deal to be seen in Thebes and Luxor, and the temples require many visits before it is possible to appreciate them thoroughly. The tombs of the kings are very interesting, and are covered with paintings and carvings, but they are not so well preserved as those of the queens. Three bodies are still there, just where they were found. The hair is still on them, and a good deal of skin also, though they have been there for nearly 3,000 years. All the other bodies, including those of Ramesis III. and Seti I., are in the Cairo museum, but the tombs have been left as they originally stood. Just near the tombs we passed a small "mud house," in which some Arab had just died. Large numbers of women had collected, and were crying and wailing outside.

The temple of Karnak at Luxor, with its fine pillars, avenue of sphinxes and obelisks, is a sight that one can never get tired of, and is indescribable by moonlight. The avenue of sphinxes consists of two rows of recumbent rams, each figure having an image of Amenophis III. in front of it. It was originally one vast street, and stretched right through Karnak.

One of the greatest pests in Egypt is the abundance of flies, and most Europeans carry a fly-whisk when seeing the temples, or sitting out of doors. One cannot help wondering why something is not done to protect the native children from the flies, as they are the chief cause of the defective eyesight amongst the natives. It is a horrible sight to see the children's eyes and faces covered



COLOSSI OF
THEBES, LUXOR.

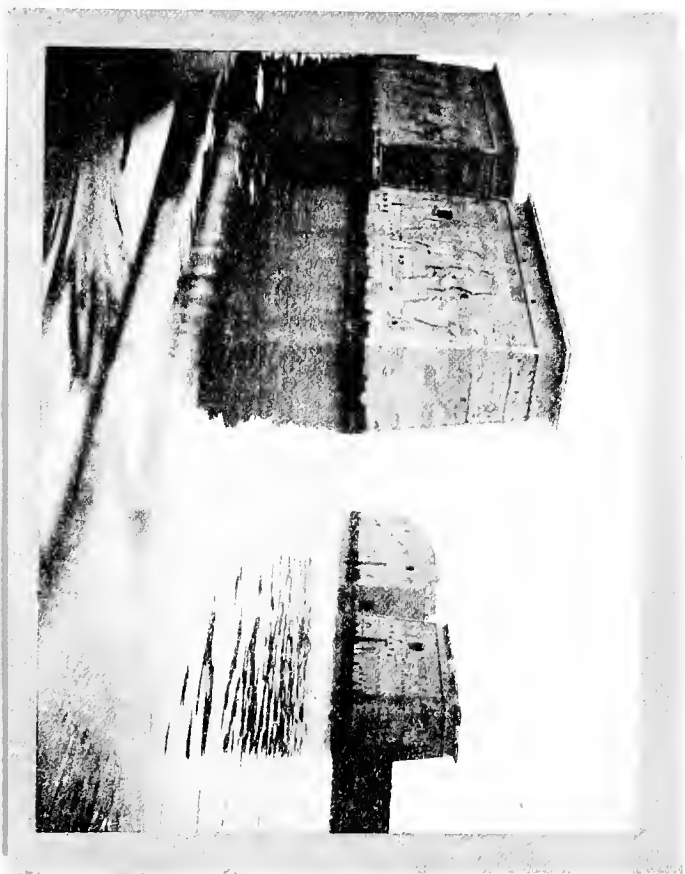
with flies, without any attempt to get rid of them. They get into the sores in their eyes, and do a great deal of harm. Even the donkey and camel boys allow them to settle in that manner. At least two out of every five natives seemed to have bad eyes.

From Luxor we went by train to Assouan, which resembles a small town suddenly dropped into the desert. There are two excellent hotels there, one on the mainland looking right onto the Nile, and built on a rock, and the other on Elephantine Island, a small island between the banks of the Nile. The one on the mainland contains an enormous and very fine dining-room, built in the shape of a mosque. The one we went to was completely full, and I doubt if any hotel in the world could boast of such a mixed number of guests. They included a Russian grand duke, actresses, British peers, moneyed vulgarians, an English bishop, American tourists and millionaires, wealthy Egyptians, titled tradesmen, antiquarians, and invalids.

At Assouan, the chief means of getting about is by camel, except in the town itself, when donkeys are used. It is possible, when going some distance, to drive in what is known as a "sand cart," a vehicle with flat wheels, and drawn by a horse, but it is a very slow means of travel, and very far from comfortable. Excellent camels can be procured in Assouan, and we kept the same ones the whole time we were there. The movement is not at all uncomfortable, when one gets accustomed to it, and a "trotting camel" will travel very

fast. It is also very good exercise. A large square seat, curved like a plate, is placed on the camel's hump, and one sits *in* this, not sideways. It is possible that the reason why so many believe that the motion is liable to make one seasick, is because the seats are always put sideways at Zoos in Europe. They are guided by a string through their noses. The only difficulty about riding a camel is the mounting, which requires a little practice, as the camel is made to kneel, and gets up first on its hind legs and then fore legs, throwing one backwards and forwards the first time or two. They snarl loudly all the time generally, but their "bark is worse than their bite." A slow trot on a camel is an exceedingly comfortable motion. The agility of the camel boys is wonderful. They will leap on to the saddles, and while standing on them, allow the camels to go off at a gallop, keeping their balance perfectly. A race between camel-boys is a most amusing sight.

To get to the temples of Philae from Assouan, one has to go across the desert for four miles on camels, and then get into a rowing boat in order to see round the temples. Since the Assouan dam has been opened, the temples have been partially submerged for a large part of the year, and the water is gradually destroying them. It seems the greatest pity, as they are so very fine and well preserved, but it has been officially stated that nothing can be done to prevent it. We got out of the boat, and wandered on the top of the temples, but some of the finest parts could not be seen, as quite



TEMPLE OF ISIS
AT PHILAE.

three-quarters were under water all the time we were there.

Close by are large granite quarries, from which the ancient Egyptians used to procure their granite, and remove it in some unknown way down to Thebes and Karnak. We sent our camels back and crossed over the dam on a trolley, and returned to Assouan in a rowing boat. The dam is a magnificent piece of engineering, and very vast, but whether it will last or not, many people seem to doubt. As it is such a long way across, natives are there to push visitors across on the trolleys. There are about six locks here, and they were closely packed with boats sailing up the Nile.

Our rowing-boat was manned by nine Nubians, who seemed to be a very happy race, and are perpetually singing and laughing. While waiting for the gates of a lock to open, and also while in it, one of them started to dance in the boat, while another produced a kind of drum, which they always take with them, and the remainder sang, all ending up with Danker-schon, Thank Yoo, Ver-y Goo-d, Ver-y Nice, words they have evidently picked up from their audiences. The Nubians feel the cold very much, and do not like leaving their own districts. It is related that on one occasion a Nubian regiment was formed, and marched away in order to fight. They did not like it at all, and found the nights very cold, so one night they all removed the butts from their rifles, and made fires for themselves with the wood.

The following morning they were disbanded, and have never been forced to become soldiers since.

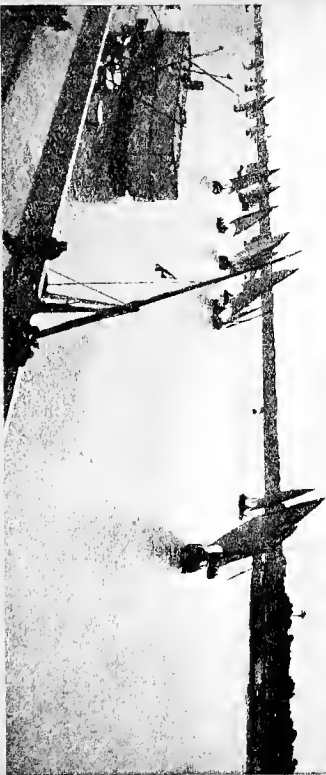
One afternoon we drove out to see the Assouan sports, which were interesting and amusing. They included camel races, donkey races for ladies, men, and donkey-boys, also a police race, and donkey hurdle-races. The latter was extremely amusing, as most of the donkeys refused to move on reaching the hurdle, no matter how hard they were beaten. The hurdles were quite low, consisting chiefly of bush, and one man whose donkey would not move, placed first its fore-legs over and then lifted his hind-legs, and pushed, but as he had to get off to do it, he was disqualified.

The ladies' donkey race was amusing also, as they had to guide their donkeys between two narrow posts joined by a strip of paper. The donkeys galloped round the course, some of them very quickly, but they could not be persuaded to break the paper, the lady who actually arrived first never finished at all, as her donkey would not move. The police horses were magnificent white Arabs, and the police had to gallop round the course, pick up dummies, and gallop back again. They were very fine riders, and had a close race at the end.

The donkey-boys rode without saddles or reins, but made their donkeys gallop and jump over the hurdles without the least hesitation, although the same animals would not move for Europeans, no matter how hard they were beaten.

One can procure small sailing-boats at Assouan, and

SCENE ON
NILE,



if here is a slight breeze, a trip round the island, and down to Gezireh is most enjoyable, and the scenery is very beautiful. From Assouan we went up the Nile back to Luxor, in order to see the temples of Edfou and Essa on the way. Just as we were embarking at Assouan a small sailing boat capsized, throwing the occupants—a lady and her husband—into the river. Another boat happened to be passing, and rescued them. It is rather dangerous at times here, and accidents very often occur. We twice struck on the sandbank on our way to Luxor, but were not delayed in either case for long, but it is not a pleasant sensation to feel the bottom scraping against the sand, and then to have a sudden lurch to one side.

It is interesting for a day watching the old methods of irrigating the land, and the river bank scenes, but after a time one would imagine it would become monotonous.

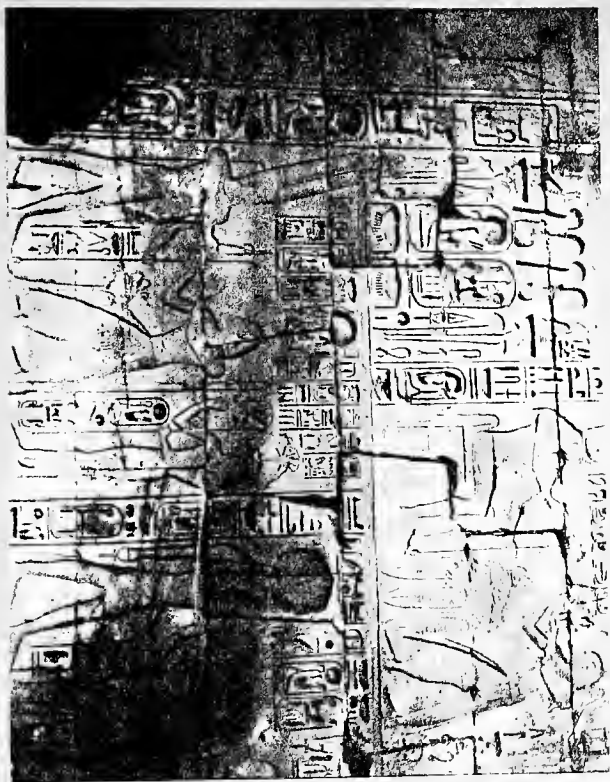
All along the banks of the Nile are the “shadufs,” a process of watering the lands, which is very laborious. It is also quite a common sight to see a camel and bullock, or even a donkey, harnessed together to an Egyptian plough.

The temples of Edfou are very fine, and the only ones with the original roofs on. The accompanying photograph shows a very ancient carving in the temple of Edfou. It represents the queens of Upper and Lower Egypt, and the god, Amon-Ra. The queens are wearing their crowns, the one of Upper, and the other of Lower Egypt, and the god is wearing the combined crown of both.

One cannot help being somewhat disappointed with a first visit to the Pyramids of Gizeh and the Sphinx, nowadays, if made in the day-time. I do not mean in the ancient piles themselves, but in the surroundings. The trams from Cairo go most of the way to them, and the remaining few hundred yards are covered either by donkey or camel. On the way one is pestered by the donkey and camel boys to buy scarabs, and on arriving at the foot of the pyramids, one is informed that "every-one" has their photograph taken in front of the Sphinx. These episodes tend to take something off the glamour and delight that one should feel on first seeing these Egyptian wonders, but there are not many scenes that can be compared to that of the Pyramids and Sphinx by moonlight.

The outsides of the houses and harems in Cairo do not give any idea of the beauty and size of the interior. They all look very similar from the streets, with their harem windows jutting out into the roadway, allowing the occupants to get a view of all that is going on below without being seen themselves. There is one old house in Cairo which has been bought by the Government, and which one can visit. It is a typical harem, and gives an excellent idea of what the lives of its former occupants must have been like.

On one occasion we went to a performance of "Aida" at the opera house. Many of the boxes were occupied by Mahomettans, and had screens covering the whole of the front, similar to the harem windows.



CARVING AT
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CARVING AT
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We got some idea of what a severe sandstorm must be like, as one came on just as we were leaving the Pyramids. Nothing can withstand it, and the sand is blown for miles, and finds its way into everything. On getting back to Cairo we discovered sand even in our trunks, which were closed, and it was impossible to keep the glasses and plates free from it in the dining-room.

One evening we went to see an Egyptian dance in a café. It was interesting and clever, but by no means as graceful as the native dances of Japan or Java. It consisted chiefly of stomach movements. After their dance, each woman came amongst the audience, and collected what she could for herself, spending most of it afterwards in jewellery and gold ornaments. In the middle of the dancing a small Egyptian dwarf became very excited, and had to be ejected, but not before he had put his foot through the glass door. The dancing immediately ceased, and all the women rushed to take the dwarf's part. After he had been ejected, however, the dancing continued.

One of the most interesting sights in Cairo is the Mahomettan University, which contains several broad courtyards, generally packed with students squatting on the floor working. Europeans are not very popular when they go there, and we were several times hissed.

A very enjoyable trip from Cairo is to go by camel to the pyramids of Sakkara. Most of the morning is occupied in riding there, and one can get back to Cairo from Memphis by train. The pyramids and ancient

tombs of Sakkara are full of interest, and many very early Egyptian remains are here.

The first word that the native children in Egypt seem to learn is "backsheesh." They never cease asking for money in this form in both the towns and villages. As a general rule, they do not seem to have the very least expectation of getting any, but the sight of a European invariably brings forth a "backsheesh." It really becomes quite a pest at times, when one is riding a donkey to visit some temple, to have this word perpetually in one's ears.

One of the things that cannot fail to strike the European on visiting Cairo for the first time, is the magnificent breed of horses that can be seen at all times in the streets. All the ordinary carriage and pairs that can be picked up in the street possess very good horses, and would put many a private European carriage and pair to shame. The police are provided with fine white Arabs.

On the other hand one cannot help being struck by the numbers of starving and half-wild dogs that abound in Egypt. The natives do not treat them as though they possessed any feeling whatsoever, and so they are usually very fierce and if one attempts to be kind to them, they do not understand it.

We left Cairo for Alexandria to catch an Austrian Lloyd steamer home and got our last glimpse of the

East as she slowly glided out of the harbour. There was the usual confusion and babbling of natives that takes place in every Eastern port when a ship departs, and then we had said good-bye to the East.

The journey home was uneventful, except that we had one of the roughest crossings that we experienced in the whole of our trip, coming across the Channel. After being so long in tropical climates and having had practically no bad weather at all, we arrived at Charing Cross in the pouring rain and bitterly cold weather, which I believe is quite the right thing to happen when one has been away for long.

Neither of us suffered the slightest discomforts from illness during the whole tour, despite the sudden changes in climate, and if one exercises ordinary prudence there is no reason why one should, neither did we have any really bad weather on board ship, except for the very tail of a typhoon off the Japanese coast.

It is usual after such a trip, to talk about the "call of the desert," and the "glamour of the East," which at times thrusts itself upon one after returning. I do not propose to do this, but I look forward to the time when it may be possible to renew acquaintance with the East for however short a time, and I cannot understand why so many who can easily afford to do so, never leave the boundaries of Europe, and prefer the pleasure they get from money making to the far greater pleasure and advantage they would derive from a short tour in the East.

